The Canterbury Poets.

EDITED BY WILLIAM SHARP.

AMERICAN HUMOROUS VERSE.

AMERICAN HUMOROUS VERSE. SELECTED AND EDITED, WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES, BY JAMES BARR.

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INTRODUCTION.

Ho, room! my Lords and Ladies blest—
Room for ye funnie man his jest.

UNTIL the present time there has been published in this country no representative collection of American humorous verse. Many volumes of humorous American prose and poetry have been issued, some of them attaining marked popularity, but, so far as I can learn, no collection, consisting exclusively of the humour of the verse-writer, has made its appearance here. Hitherto, as far as anthologies of verse are concerned, Americans have had to content themselves with such representation as a few pages, generally at the end of volumes of English written verse, afforded. It has been my great privilege to gather together for the first time in this kingdom a collection of poems which, I hope, will be considered to do justice to the humour of the United States and Canada.

It is an easy task to introduce an old favourite. The mere mention of the popular name at once secures attention and sympathy, and the introducer

may say his say well or ill, it matters very little. Such is the position in which I find myself. For a large section of the humorous poetry of America is as well known and appreciated in this United Kingdom as in America itself. In this country, the names of Lowell, Holmes, Hay, Harte, Saxe, and Leland, to mention only a few, are household words. Indeed, it is just a question if some of these authors be not a little oftener read, and a trifle more thought of here than in their native land. Their works have been published and republished in all shapes and sizes ; their names have appeared in every anthology where Americans found admission ; and their popularity, as great now as it ever was, shows no sign of waning. All that can be said for and against their work has been said many times over, and so, in this introduction, I will content myself with the privilege of mentioning their names.

Many people are inclined to think that the humour of America reached its zenith a couple of decades ago, and that there is no younger generation of writers on whom the mantle of the gods has fallen. This is a mistake. There are plenty of young writers to-day upholding the best traditions of humour in America. A glance at the periodical literature should convince any one that the writing of humorous verse is not a decaying art on the

other side of the Atlantic. In the newspapers and magazines of to-day, humour is a necessity. The American is a humour-loving humorist. He demands humour in and out of season; he demands it not only in specific channels, but where an Englishman never dreams of looking for it, in his daily newspapers and his monthly magazines. In his busy life—in the rush and worry that constitutes the life of the average American—anything that diverts his mind from business after business hours, and affords him a quiet smile (for the American is not given to boisterous or even hearty laughter), is exactly what he requires and appreciates. As a natural result, a quaintly flavoured humour flourishes in America as it does in no other country.

But much of the humour of the present day is different in style from that of twenty years ago. Indeed, the humorous verse most appreciated to-day was not in existence in the "sixties." I refer to verse such as James Whitcomb Riley, S. W. Foss, and others of the same way of expressing their ideas, are writing. The works of some of the better known writers of the old school might just as well have been written in England, or Australia, or any other English-speaking part of the globe, as in America. The authors made no attempt to identify their work with America. It has nothing

distinctively American in it. Saxe, for instance, one of the brightest versifiers the West has produced, set his ghost player on the stage of Drury Lane Theatre, and his Briefless Barrister had not "half-a-crown" in his purse. Now of late years there has been a tendency to introduce more of the new world air and spirit into the humorous verse—in fact, into the whole literature of America. There is more of the old log cabin and bush farm in the work of the present-day humorist than is to be met with in that of the writers of twenty years ago. Possibly this is because the poets of our time have the blessed privilege of seeing the swamp farm, with its fat pork and malaria, through the kind haze of vanished years, for a bush farm has very little enchantment indeed until distance lends it. But from the backwoods comes the kind of verse referred to as having no counterpart even a few years ago. This verse it seems to me is entitled to particular attention just now, for it has sprung into existence within recent years, and has become the most popular verse in America. It is a combination of quaint humour and homely pathos set in the simple, ungrammatical idiom of the country people.

The inhabitants of rural America are a peculiar people—a people richly imbued with an almost pathetic humour, and born to the knack of speaking

good common sense in a quaintly back-handed wording. The rejoicings and the sorrowings of this class; their love-making and their stories of "the war"; their heavy debates around the grocery stove on a keen winter's night, or that still more exciting and strenuous mental effort, the spelling-bee in the old log school-house; the cheerful, hard-working, self-denying life of the man who owns a five-hundred dollar farm with a thousand-dollar mortgage on it; the whole simple life of the countryside folk, told in their own humorous phraseology, is a rich field for the humorist. And the new school of humorists has sprung into existence. The result is that in the papers and magazines of America are to-day appearing poems that are a delight to every one acquainted with rural America. This poetry may not specially appeal to any one but an American. The dialect must be a stumbling-block to many, but the dialect, and the idiom, and the pictures are typically American, and touch the very heart of the American. Chief among writers of this type of verse is James Whitcomb Riley. Mr. Riley is a great deal more than a humorist. He is a true poet first and a humorist after. I am sorry I have not been able to give more of his work in this volume, but to have done so would have been unfair to Mr. Riley and his publishers. However, there is no need for

any one to depend on this or other anthologies for Mr. Riley's work. *Old Fashioned Roses*, an attractive volume published by Messrs. Longmans, Green, & Co., has already run through a large edition. A second volume, which is, I understand, to appear simultaneously in England and America, will be published by the Century Company soon, and is to contain all Mr. Riley's latest and strongest work. I hope the few examples of Mr. Riley's style which appear in this anthology will lead many a reader to turn to his collected poems; for Mr. Riley is a writer of exceptional humour and pathos, and to my mind one of the greatest literary geniuses that America has produced. Another author who is rapidly gaining a well-defined position in the literature of America as a writer of this typically American humour is Sam Walter Foss. I have been fortunate in getting permission to use a fair number of his poems in this book. "Hullo" and "Tellin' what the baby did" are delightful blendings of the humorous and serious. Other poems in the later style of dialect are Kimball's "Ol' Pickett's Nell," Bellaw's "Knittin' at the Stockin'," and Cheney's "Trapper's Sweetheart." But because of the dialect I have had to leave out many pieces that, had this anthology been intended for American readers, would have been included.

The greatest medium in the world for the propagation of the English language is North America. From every quarter of the globe there pours into her sea-ports tens of thousands of emigrants jabbering in all the many tongues, civilised and uncivilised. Long before these same people have drifted half-way across the great continent they are conversing, and their children are thinking, in English. America on the point of language is inexorable. Every one must use the English language to the best of his ability. As a consequence of this imperative rule of speech, and of the immense number of emigrants that land on her shores, North America is a continent of dialects. In England there is a new dialect to each parish. But the dialects of America are of widely different origin from those of England. In America it is not an English-speaking people forming for their own use a corruption of their own tongue, but a foreign people tuning their tongues to the requirements of the all-prevailing English speech. The result of this is that, on the long and weary journey from the leave-taking of their native language until the time when they arrive at a thorough understanding of a strange and difficult speech, many dialects are formed,—curious mixtures of what is English and what is foreign in words, and pronunciation, and idiom. And the native American has been quick

to note the humour of this transitory state, and to seize the kinks and peculiarities of the speech. So we have Charles G. Leland's German-English Breitmann Ballads; his Indian-English and his Pidgin-English (the latter almost as unreadable as the original Chinese is to most of us); Charles Follen Adams' humorous-pathetic poems with "Yawcob Strauss" at the head; Dr. Drummond's typical French-Canadian poems; the negro verse of Joel Chandler Harris, Irwin Russell, Nelson Page, and many more that could be mentioned—poems to which there are none that correspond in the literature of any other country. In this anthology will be found a fair number of the more representative phases of dialect verse. I have limited the choice, for dialect, however good and humorous, is troublesome to read. But these poems, difficult as they are, will live long. They are the scouts of a rapidly conquering and destined-to-be-universal language.

The present writers of verse in America have one great advantage which was not shared by their prototypes of a dozen years ago even. To-day a number of the foremost American periodicals are published simultaneously in England and America. It is rather a strange thing that America, comparatively weak as she admittedly is in great literary lights, should turn out week by week periodicals that

circulate in every part of the world where the English language is spoken; while the magazine and weekly of England do not as a rule find popular circulation outside the United Kingdom. Here, in London, *The Century*, *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, *Lippincott's*, *Outing*, *St. Nicholas*, and other magazines, and the *Detroit Free Press* and *New York Herald*, weekly papers, are published as regularly as they appear in America, and find wide circulation among the English people. This gives the American an opportunity to place his work before the reading world of both hemispheres,—surely an exceptional privilege. Before these magazines and weekly papers crossed the ocean and established themselves in England, a reputation had first to be achieved in America, and then it was just a toss-up whether it ever filtered across to England or not. In the old days, the lucky accident of a work of genius falling into the hands of an influential and discerning Englishman was the making of a reputation in England for at least one American. Now no such chance is needed. At the present time the American humorist or novelist can place his work before the whole English-speaking world on the same day.

"Bric-a-Brac" in *The Century* is a department almost entirely devoted to humorous verse. There each month appear examples of the highest

class of humour, usually a charming and varied selection. In *The Century* much of James Whitcomb Riley's work is first given to the public, and the wayward verses of Jennie E. T. Dowe, the fantastic poems of John Vance Cheney, the thoroughly enjoyable and humorous writings of Margaret Vandegrift, W. J. Henderson, Richard A. Jackson, Mather Dean Kimball, Robertson Trowbridge, and the polished poems of Clinton Scollard and Frank Dempster Sherman, are to be found in "Bric-a-Brac." *Harper's Magazine* as a rule publishes one or two bright pieces each month, and *Lippincott* also finds room for humorous verse occasionally. In the English edition of the *Detroit Free Press*, Sam W. Foss's touching poems, Charles Follen Adams' German-American dialect verses, and H. C. Dodge's queerly-shaped and strangely worded verse are found; and Eva Best, A. W. Bellaw, and Aristine Anderson are constant contributors to its columns. In America, the mediums for humorous verse are almost innumerable. *Puck* is edited by H. C. Bunner, the novelist and poet; and in its pages the poems of the editor are one of the many attractions of that attractive weekly. *The New York Life*, *The Judge*, *The Yankee Blade* (edited by Mr. Foss), *The Chicago Daily News*, to which Eugene Field contributes most of his verse; *The Arkansaw Traveller*, with Opie P. Read at

the helm; *The New Orleans Picayune*, *The Burlington Hawkeye*, *The Atlanta Constitution*, *The San Francisco News Letter*, *The Argonaut*, *Munsey's Weekly*, *The Boston Pilot* (edited by Jeff Roche), *The Pittsburg Dispatch*, *The Illustrated American*, *Louisville Courier Journal*, *Harper's Weekly*, *Pecks Sun*, and many other papers contain much good work in almost every issue they publish. Of Canadian papers the only one entirely devoted to humour is *Grip*, published in Toronto. *Grip* is edited by that famous cartoonist, J. W. Bengough, and for humorous literature and cartoons it is one of the cleverest papers in North America.

At the commencement of this introduction I probably should have stated that, for convenience, the word "America" is here used as covering both the United States and Canada, and also that, although the great majority of authors in this anthology are citizens of the United States or of Canada, this is a volume of verse by authors whose work appeared originally in America and attained popularity there, no matter to what country the authors themselves belong.

I have gratefully to acknowledge the kindness of those authors and friends who assisted me in preparing this anthology. To the Century Company and Messrs. Scribner & Son, of New York; to Messrs. Longmans, Green, & Co., Messrs.

Macmillan & Co., Messrs. Chatto & Windus, and to Messrs. Routledge & Sons, of London, and Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., Boston, U.S.A., my thanks are given for their permission to include much of the best work that appears in this volume. I also gratefully record my obligations to Miss Lanigan, of Philadelphia; Mr. W. D. Lighthall, of Montreal (who obtained for me much information, and placed the literature of Canada at my disposal); to Mr. S. S. McClure, of New York; and Mr. John Barr, of Detroit, Michigan, for their valuable assistance.

JAMES BARR.

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American Humorous Verse.

New England's Annoyances.*

NEW ENGLAND'S annoyances, you that would know them,
Pray ponder these verses, which briefly do show them.

The place where we live is a wilderness wood,
Where grass is much wanting that's fruitful and good;
Our mountains and hills and our valleys below
Being commonly covered with ice and with snow:
And when the north-west wind with violence blows,
Then every man pulls his cap over his nose;
But, if any's so hardy and will it withstand,
He forfeits a finger, a foot, or a hand.

* Author unknown. The first known poem by an American colonist. Written about the year 1630. Serious enough in those days, but Time has developed its humorous features.

But, when the spring opens, we then take the hoe,
And make the ground ready to plant and to sow.
Our corn being planted and seed being sown,
The worms destroy much before it is grown;
And when it is growing some spoil there is made
By birds and by squirrels that pluck up the blade;
And, when it is come to full corn in the ear,
It is often destroyed by racoon and by deer.

And now do our garments begin to grow thin,
And wool is much wanted to card and to spin.
If we get a garment to cover without,
Our other in-garments are clout upon clout.
Our clothes we brought with us are apt to be torn,
They need to be clouted soon after they're worn;
But clouting our garments they hinder us nothing,—
Clouts double are warmer than single whole clothing.

If fresh meat be wanting, to fill up our dish,
We have carrots and pumpkins and turnips and fish:
And, is there a mind for a delicate dish,
We repair to the clam-banks, and there we catch fish.
'Stead of pottage and puddings and custards and pies,
Our pumpkins and parsnips are common supplies:
We have pumpkins at morning and pumpkins at noon;
If it was not for pumpkins we should be undone.

If barley be wanting to make into malt,
We must be contented and think it no fault;
For we can make liquor to sweeten our lips
Of pumpkins and parsnips and walnut-tree chips.

Now while some are going, let others be coming,
For while liquor's boiling it must have a scumming;
But I will not blame them, for birds of a feather,
By seeking their fellows, are flocking together.
But you, whom the Lord intends hither to bring,
Forsake not the honey for fear of the sting;
But bring both a quiet and contented mind,
And all needful blessings you surely will find.

Dot Baby off Mine.

MINE cracious! Mine cracious! shust look here
und see
A Deutcher so habby as habby can pe.
Der beoples all dink dat no prains I haf got,
Vas grazy mit trinking, or someding like dot;
Id vasn't pecause I trinks lager und vine,
Id vas all on aggount of dot baby off mine.

Dot schmall leedle vellow I dells you vas qveer;
Not mooch pigger round as a goot glass off beer,
Mit a bare-footed hed, and nose but a schpeck,
A mout dot goes most to der pack of his neck,
Und his leedle pink toes mid der rest all combine
To gife sooch a charm to dot baby off mine,

I dells you dot baby vas von off der poys,
Und beats leedle Yawcob for making a noise;
He shust has pegun to shbeak goot English, too,
Says "Mamma," und "Bapa," und somedimes
"ah-goo!"
You don't find a baby den dimes oudt off nine
Dot vas qvite so schmart as dot baby off mine.

He grawls der vloor over, und drows dings aboudt,
Und puts efryding he can find in his mout;
He dumbles der shtairs down, und falls vrom his chair,
Und gifes mine Katrina von derrible schare.
Mine hair stands like shquills on a mat borcupine
Ven I dinks of dose pranks off dot baby off mine.

Der vas someding, you pet, I don't likes pooty vell;
To hear in der nighdt-dimes dot young Deutcher yell,
Und dravel der ped-room midout many clo'es,
Vhile der chills down der shpine off mine pack quickly
goes.
Dose leedle shimnasdic dricks vasn't so fine
Dot I cuts oop at nighdt mit dot baby off mine.

Vell, dese leedle schafers vos goin' to pe men,
Und all off dese droubles vill peen ofer den;
Dey vill vear a vhite shirt-vront inshted of a bib,
Und vouldn't got tucked oop at nighdt in deir crib.
Vell! vell! ven I'm feeple und in life's decline,
May mine oldt age pe cheered by dot baby off mine.

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

Yaw, dot is so!

YAW, dot is so! yaw, dot is so!
"Dis vorldt vas all a fleeting show!"
I shmokes mine pipe,
I trinks mine bier,
Und efry day to vork I go;
"Dis vorldt vas all a fleeting show;"
Yaw, dot is so!

Yaw, dot is so! yaw, dot is so!
I don't got mooch down here below.
I eadt und trink,
I vork und sleep,

Und find out, as I oldter grow,
I haf a hardter row to hoe;
Yaw, dot is so!

Yaw, dot is so! yaw, dot is so!
Dis vorldt don't gife me half a show;
Somedings to vear,
Some food to eadt;
Vot else? Shust vait a minude, dough;
Katrina, und der poys! oho!
Yaw, dot is so!

Yaw, dot is so! yaw, dot is so!
Dis vorldt don't been a fleeting show,
I haf mine frau,
I haf mine poys
To sheer me, daily, as I go;
Dot's pest as anydings I know;
Yaw, dot is so!

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

Yawcob Strauss.

I HAF von funny leedle poy,
  Vot gomes schust to mine knee;
Der queerest schap, der createst rogue,
  As efer you dit see.
He runs, und schumps, und schmashes dings
  In all barts of der house;
But vot off dat? he vas mine son,
  Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He get der measles und der mumbs,
  Und eferyding dot's oudt;
He sbills mine glass of lager bier,
  Poots schnuff indo mine kraut.
He fills mine pipe mit limburg cheese,—
  Dot vas der roughest chouse;
I'd dake dot vrom no oder poy
  But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes der milk-ban for a dhrum,
  Und cuts mine cane in dwo,
To make der schticks to beat it mit,—
  Mine gracious, dot vos drue!
I dinks mine hed was schplit abart,
  He kicks oup sooch a touse:
But never mind; der poys vas few
  Like dot young Yawcob Strauss.

He asks me questions, sooch as dese:
  Who baints mine nose so red?
Who vas it cuts dot schmoodth blace oudt
  Vrom der hair ubon mine hed?
Und vhere der blaze goes vrom der lamp
  Vene'er der glim I douse.
How gan I all dose dings eggsblain
  To dot schmall Yawcob Strauss.

I somedimes dink I schall go vild
  Mit sooch a grazy poy,
Und vish vonce more I gould haf rest,
  Und beaceful dimes enshoy;
But ven he vash asleep in ped,
  So guiet as a mouse,
I prays der Lord, "Dake anyding,
  But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss."

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

Mine Vamily.

DIMBLED scheeks, mit eyes off plue,
Mout' like id vas moisd mit dew,
Und leedle teeth shust peekin' droo—
  Dot's der baby.

Curly head, und full off glee,
Drowsers all oudt at der knee—
He vas peen blaying horse, you see—
Dot's leedle Yawcob.

Von hundord-seexty in der shade,
Der oder day vhen she vas veighed—
She beats me soon, I vas avraid—
Dot's mine Katrina.

Barefooted head, und pooty stoudt,
Mit grooked legs dot vill bend oudt,
Fond off his bier und sauer-kraut—
Dot's me himself.

Von schmall young baby, full off fun,
Von leedle prite-eyed, roguish son,
Von frau to greet vhen vork vas done—
Dot's mine vamily.

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

The Plague in the Forest.

TIME was when round the lion's den
A peopled city raised its head;
'Twas not inhabited by men,
But by four-footed beasts instead.

The lynx, the leopard, and the bear,
The tiger and the wolf, were there;
The hoof-defended steed;
The bull, prepared with horns to gore;
The cat with claws, the tusky boar,
And all the canine breed.

In social compact thus combined,
Together dwelt the beasts of prey;
Their murderous weapons all resigned,
And vowed each other not to slay.
Among them Reynard thrust his phiz;
Nor hoof nor horn nor tusk was his,
For warfare all unfit.
He whispered to the royal dunce,
And gained a settlement at once;
His weapon was—his wit.

One summer, by some fatal spell,
(Phœbus was peevish for some scoff)
The plague upon that city fell,
And swept the beasts by thousands off.
The lion, as became his part,
Loved his own people from his heart;
And, taking counsel sage,
His peerage summoned to advise,
And offer up a sacrifice
To soothe Apollo's rage.

Quoth Lion, "We are sinners all;
And even, it must be confessed,
If among sheep I chance to fall,
I—I am guilty as the rest.
To me the sight of lamb is cursed;
It kindles in my throat a thirst,—
I struggle to refrain,—
Poor innocent! his blood so sweet!
His flesh so delicate to eat!
I find resistance vain.

"Now to be candid, I must own
The sheep are weak and I am strong,
But, when we find ourselves alone,
The sheep have never done me wrong.
And, since I purpose to reveal
All my offences, nor conceal
One trespass from your view,
My appetite is made so keen
That with the sheep the time has been
I took the shepherd too.

"Then let us all our sins confess,
And whosesoe'er the blackest guilt,
To ease my people's deep distress,
Let *his* atoning blood be spilt.
My own confession now you hear,
Should none of deeper dye appear
Your sentence freely give;

And, if on me should fall the lot,
Make me the victim on the spot,
And let my people live."

The council with applauses rung,
To hear the Codrus of the wood;
Though still some doubt suspended hung
If he would make his promise good.
Quoth Reynard, "Since the world was made,
Was ever love like this displayed?
Let us like subjects true
Swear, as before your feet we fall,
Sooner than you should die for all,
We all will die for you.

"But please your majesty, I deem,
Submissive to your royal grace,
You hold in far too high esteem
That paltry, poltroon, sheepish race;
For oft, reflecting in the shade,
I ask myself why sheep were made
By all-creating power:
And, howsoe'er I tax my mind,
This the sole reason I can find—
For lions to devour.

"And as for eating now and then
As well the shepherd as the sheep,—
How can that braggart breed of men
Expect with you the peace to keep?

'Tis thine their blustering boast to stem,
That all the world was made for them—
And prove creation's plan;
Teach them by evidence profuse
That man was made for lions' use,
Not lions made for man."

And now the noble peers begin,
And, cheered with such examples bright,
Disclosing each his secret sin,
Some midnight murder brought to light.
Reynard was counsel for them all;
No crime the assembly could appal,
But *he* could botch with paint:
Hark, as his honeyed accents roll,
Each tiger is a gentle soul,
Each bloodhound is a saint.

When each had told his tale in turn,
The long-eared beast of burden came,
And meekly said, "My bowels yearn
To make confession of my shame;
But I remember on a time
I passed, not thinking of a crime,
A haystack on my way:
His lure some tempting devil spread,
I stretched across the fence my head,
And cropped a lock of hay."

"Oh monster! viliain!" Reynard cried—
"No longer seek the victim, sire;
Nor why your subjects thus have died
To expiate Apollo's ire."
The council with one voice decreed;
All joined to execrate the deed,—
"What, steal another's grass!"
The blackest crime *their* lives could show
Was washed as white as virgin snow;
The victim was—the Ass.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

A Mosquito Triolet.

HE presented his bill,
And I could not evade it.
In valley, on hill,
He presented his bill,
With stinging ill-will;
So with blood, sir, I paid it.
He presented his bill,
And I could not evade it.

ARISTINE ANDERSON.

A Lenten Rondeau.

Across the aisle she'll often peep,
The while with graceful ease she'll keep
Her place, the Lenten service through,
And make response whene'er 'tis due.
Anon into her face will creep

A look of envy, when will sweep
Before her eyes, with gleaming leap
Of cut steel beads, a bonnet new,
Across the aisle.

Ah! woman-nature then will weep,
And good-will to her neighbour sleep;
Because this dainty thing in view—
Though ashen grey, and strictly true
To Lent—compared to hers is "steep,"
Across the aisle.

ARISTINE ANDERSON.

Is That So?

No matter what I told her,
  Was it grave, or was it gay,
She looked so interested,
  And she smiled in such a way,
That I thought how very charming
  'Twould be to have her go,
    Just listening on for ever
  With her
        "Is
          That
            So?"
  And her
        "*Is*
          That
            So?"

But as the months sped onward,
  I found her pretty head
Held thoughts as few within it
  As the words so often said.
And when I told I loved her,
  And begged my fate to know,
She was quite too aggravating
  With her
        "Is
          That
            So?"

ARISTINE ANDERSON.

Class of '88.

Young Lady Graduates—Ann Arbor University, 1888.

Oh, charming girls of '88!
I bitterly bemoan the fate
That landed me in '77,
And thereby made me miss the heaven-
Ly class of '88.

Oh, lovely girls of '88!
As I walked down the Rue de State
In fair Ann Arbor town,
I saw a photographic print
Mounted on card of amber tint,
A group of sweet and pretty girls,
Where some had bangs and some had curls,
And *all* had cap and gown.

Ah, girls! Ah, girls of '88!
The day was wet, the hour was late.
I stood there in the falling rain;
I knew I'd miss the evening train;
But early, late, or wet, or dry,
I breathed a long regretful sigh,
To think that you, and yet not I,
Belonged to '88.

Beauty and grace of '88!
You look so learned and sedate
In mortar-board and gown.
What awful lots of things you know!
How water is but H 2 O;
The cause of swift paralysis;
The spectrum analysis;
How to pronounce in proper fettle
That mountain Popocatepetl.
The fl[illegible]d parallel Achenia;
The State[illegible]rom Main to fair Virginia;
The fifteen flowered Sericocarpus;
The whale, the sword-fish, and the porpoise.
You know minutely each particular,
Of how a straight line perpendicular,
Bisects some obtuse stupid angle,
And leads us to a tiresome jangle
About the figure A B C,
Brings therefore equal to F D.
And so quod erat demonstrandum,
All things exact and none at random,
You've gathered this enormous knowledge
By days and days at that big college,
In fair Ann Arbor town.

Yet graduate of '88,
When *you* and *he* lean o'er the gate
Before your father's door,
Those learned, abstract useful themes
Will then give place to sweeter dreams;

Backward will turn the years for you,
That grammar lesson meant for two
You will recite.
Then *he* and *you* of '88
The verb "to love" will conjugate
Some starlit night.
That tender verb of school-day hours,
Perfumed with breath of woodland flowers,
Excels all college lore.
I know the truth of what I state,
Though you're 19 in '88,
And I am 44.

ROBERT BARR.

A Fish Story.

A WHALE of great porosity
And small specific gravity,
Dived down with much velocity
Beneath the sea's concavity.

But soon the weight of water
Squeezed in his fat immensity,
Which varied—as it ought to—
Inversely as his density.

It would have moved to pity
  An Ogre or a Hessian,
To see poor Spermaceti
  Thus suffering compression.

The while he lay a-roaring
  In agonies gigantic,
The lamp-oil out came pouring,
  And greased the wide Atlantic.

(Would we'd been in the Navy,
  And cruising there! Imagine us
All in a sea of gravy,
  With billow oleaginous!)

At length old million-pounder,
  Low on a bed of coral,
Gave his last dying flounder,
  Whereto I pen this moral.

MORAL.

O, let this tale dramatic,
  Anent the whale Norwegian
And pressure hydrostatic,
  Warn you, my young collegian,

That down-compelling forces
  Increase as you get deeper;
The lower down your course is,
  The upward path's the steeper.

HENRY A. BEERS.

Bumble Bee.

As I lay yonder in tall grass,
A drunken bumble-bee went past
Delirious with honey toddy.
The golden sash about his body
Could scarce keep in his swollen belly
Distent with honey-suckle jelly.
Rose liquor and the sweet-pea wine
Had filled his soul with song divine;
Deep had he drunk the warm night through;
His hairy thighs were wet with dew.
Full many an antic he had played
While the world went round through sleep and shade.
Oft had he bit with thirsty lip
Some flower-cup's nectared sweets to sip,
When on smooth petals he would slip,
Or over tangled stamens trip,
And headlong in the pollen rolled,
Crawl out quite dusted o'er with gold.
Or else his heavy feet would stumble
Against some bud and down he'd tumble
Among the grass; there lie and grumble
In low, soft bass—poor maudlin humble!
With tipsy hum on sleepy wing
He buzzed a glee—a bacchic thing,
Which, wandering strangely in the moon,
He learned with grigs that sing in June,

Unknown to sober bees who dwell
Through the dark hours in waxen cell.
When south winds floated him away,
The music of the summer day
Lost something: sure it was a pain
To miss that dainty star-light strain.

HENRY A. BEERS.

Conjugal Conjugations.

DEAR maid, let me speak
What I never yet spoke:
You have made my heart squeak
As it never yet squoke,
And for sight of you both my eyes ache as they ne'er before oak.

With your voice my ears ring,
And a sweeter ne'er rung,
Like a bird's on the wing
When at morn it has wung.
And gladness to me it doth bring, such as never voice brung.

My feelings I'd write,
But they cannot be wrote,
And who can indite
What was never indote!
And my love I hasten to plight—the first that I plote.

Yes, you I would choose,
Whom I long ago chose,
And my fond spirit sues
As it never yet sose,
And ever on you do I muse, as never man mose.

The house where you bide
Is a blessed abode;
Sure, my hopes I can't hide,
For they will not be hode,
And no person living has sighed, as, darling, I've sode.

Your glances they shine
As no others have shone,
And all else I'd resign
That a man could resone,
And surely no other could pine as I lately have pone.

And don't you forget
  You will ne'er be forgot,
You never should fret
  As at times you have frot,
I would chase all the cares that beset, if they ever besot.

For you I would weave
  Songs that never were wove,
And deeds I'd achieve
  Which no man achove,
And for me you never should grieve, as for you I have grove.

I'm as worthy a catch
  As ever was caught.
O, your answer I watch
  As a man never waught,
And we'd make the most elegant match as ever was maught.

Let my longings not sink;
  I would die if they sunk.
O, I ask you to think
  As you never have thunk,
And our fortunes and lives let us link, as no lives could be lunk.

A. W. BELLAW.

Knittin' at th' Stocking.

Gosh! But Phebe did look sweet!
  Scrumptious? I should say so.
Hed her ha'r all fixed in kinks
  That I wished 'ud stay so.
Thumpin' on th' floor my hoofs
  Went, ez I sot rockin';
She jis' made the yarn-ball hum—
  Knittin' at th' stockin'.

Tork was never my bes' holt,
  Ain't thet kind o' chicken.
'D ruther set'n lis' to Pheeb's
  Needles clickin', clickin';
Watch her fingers an' her face,
  Ez I went on rockin',
An' she never once looked up—
  Knittin' at th' stockin'.

"Pheeb," at las' I sez, sez I,
  With my heart a thumpin'.
"Well, what is it, Ab?" sez she.
  "Mayn't I tell you sumpin'?"
"Lawsey! What you got to say?
  Better go on rockin';
Reckon I don't keer," she said,
  Knittin' at th' stockin'.

"Waal, I know a feller, Pheeb,
What 'ud like to marry,
'N he'd like to marry *you*,
Sartain ez Ole Harry."
Then my breath jis' los' its grip,
Worse I went to rockin',
"Is he han'sum—rich?" sez she,
Knittin' at th' stockin'.

Gee! But wasn't I sot back!
Rich? Good lookin'! Sunday
I jis' put on style in clo'es
Thet I worked in Monday!
"Guess he's neether, Pheeb," sez I,
Ruther narvous rockin';
"Dassent tell his name," sez she,
Knittin' at th' stockin'.

"No—I dassent—'taint no use,
Things looks blue'n yeller;
Ther's no hope fur me—I mean,
Fur that uther feller."
"Ab, I knowed that you meant *you*,
Sure ez you'se a rockin'.
Ain't you fibbin' now?" sez she,
Knittin' at th' stockin'.

"Pheeb, you hit th' post first shot."
"Why," says she, "thet's funny."
"Funny? Pheeb, now won't you be
Mine in matrimunny?"
"Yes," sed she, 'n then I jumped,
Left th' cha'r a-rockin',
'N I kissed her on th' lips,
Ez she toed thet stockin'.

A. W. BELLAW.

The Old Line Fence.

ZIG-ZAGGING it went
On the line of the farm,
And the trouble it caused
Was often quite warm,
THE OLD LINE FENCE.
It was changed every year
By decree of the court,
To which, when worn out,
Our sires would resort
WITH THE OLD LINE FENCE.
In hoeing their corn,
When the sun, too, was hot,
They surely would jaw,
Punch or claw, when they got
TO THE OLD LINE FENCE.

In dividing the lands
It fulfilled no desires,
But answered quite well
In "dividing" our sires,
THIS OLD LINE FENCE.
Though sometimes in this
It would happen to fail,
When, with top rail in hand,
One would flare up and scale
THE OLD LINE FENCE!
Then the conflict was sharp
On debatable ground,
And the fertile soil there
Would be mussed far around
THE OLD LINE FENCE.
It was shifted so oft
That no flowers there grew.
What frownings and clods,
And what words were shot through
THE OLD LINE FENCE!
Our sires through the day
There would quarrel or fight,
With a vigour and vim,
But 'twas different at night
BY THE OLD LINE FENCE.
The fairest maid there
You would have descried
That ever leaned soft
On the opposite side
OF AN OLD LINE FENCE.

Where our fathers built hate
There we buiided our love,
Breathed our vows to be true
With our hands raised above
THE OLD LINE FENCE.
Its place might be changed,
But there we would meet,
With our heads through the rails,
And with kisses most sweet,
AT THE OLD LINE FENCE.
It was love made the change,
And the clasping of hands
Ending ages of hate,
And between us now stands
NOT A SIGN OF LINE FENCE.
No debatable ground
Now enkindles alarms.
I've the girl I met there,
And, well, both of the farms,
AND NO LINE FENCE.

A. W. BELLAW.

The Indian Rubber Trunk.

IT had on it, "Please don't monkey
With this Indian rubber trunk,
It has loaded guns and pistols,
And it won't stand any monk;

It holds glassware, bombs, and children,
And you want to touch it light,
Nitro-glycerine, gun cotton,
And a lot of dynamite!"

Fierce the baggage-master grabbed it,
For it roused his savage ire,
And he smashed it, crashed it, dashed it,
In a manner that was dire;
And he bounced it, and he trounced it,
And he caved, and raved, and swore,
And he bumped it, and he *stomped* it,
And he whooped, and howled, and tore.
He ill-used it, and he bruised it,
And he tossed it, and he crushed,
And he pitched six trunks upon it,
But this one would not be *mushed.*

And he pounded, and he bumped it,
And he heaved it, and he dumped it,
For it rendered him insane;
Then upon the top pile humped it
As he shrieked with might and main.
But this trunk slid down upon him,
And it bounced him, and it trounced him,
And it chugged him, and it mugged him,
And it stamped him, and it tramped him,

And ill-used him, and contused him,
And it kicked him, and it licked him;
And when they had stopped its jumping,
And its thumping, and its bumping;
The last words they heard from Chunkey
As they bore him to his bunk,
Were, "My friends, don't ever monkey
With the Indian rubber trunk."

A. W. BELLAW.

The Sunday Fisherman.

A FISHERMAN, on angling bent,
One Sabbath morning left his tent.

The Tent,

He took his can, and very quick
He dug his fish-worms with a pick.

The Pick, The Worms,

He thought he'd try for bass and smelt,
And fixed his fish-bag to his belt.

The Belt, The Bag,

In case some fish of size he'd get,
He took along his landing-net.

The Landing-Net,

As fishermen get very dry,
They always have a flask hard by.

The Flask,

As fishermen get hungry, too,
Of pretzels he procured a few.

The Pretzels,

Some lines he took along on spools
To teach them to the finny schools.

The Spools,

He had some entertaining books
Of highly-tempered Limerick hooks.

The Hooks, J J J

And thus prepared, he got his boat,
And out upon the stream did float.

The Boat,

Whene'er the wind began to fail
He used the paddle with the sail.

The Paddle,

He stopped to fish, among the sedge,
A mile or so below the bridge.

The Bridge,

Some bites he straight began to get,
It was the gallinippers bit.

The Gallinippers,

One of his lines spun off the reel;
He landed in the boat an eel.

The Eel,

Then quickly it began to rain,
But his umbrella was in vain.

The Umbrella,

Above his head the thunder crashed,
And all around the lightning flashed.

The Lightning,

The storm blew, and the boat upset;
The man went down into the wet.

The Upturned Boat,

And as he sank, his bubbles rose,
Smaller and smaller toward the close.

The Bubbles,

Oh, Sunday fishers, old and young,
You will get drowned, or you'll get hung!

The Gallows,

A. W. BELLAW.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE tramp went up to the cottage door
To beg for a couple of dimes or more.

The cottage door was open wide,
So he took a cautious look inside.

Then over his features there spread a grin,
As he saw a lovely maid within.

A lovely maid within the gloom
Of the shadiest part of a shady room.

Into the door the tramper went;
Over a dog the maiden bent.

His eyes were set and full of fire,
And he viewed the tramp with evident ire.

"Run for your life!" the maiden cried;
"I clean forgot to have him tied!"

"Run for your life through yonder door—
I cannot hold him a minute more!"

Without a word he turned his face
And leaped the fence with a careless grace.

Then lightly along the road he ran—
A very-much-put-out young man.

The maiden loosed her bull-dog's neck,
And gazed at the tramp—a vanishing speck.

And peal after peal of laughter rent
The air with the maiden's merriment.

The dog was of terra-cotta ware—
She won him that week at a lottery fair.

EVA BEST.

This Old Joke.

When this old joke was new,
  This time-worn heritage,
The monkey man its point did scan,
  On pre-historic page.
His footprint was the only print,
  His leaves were leaves that grew,
And Nature's was the only tint,
  When this old joke was new.

When this old joke was new,
  Our literature was scant.
And *littérateurs* had no reviewers
  With hearts of adamant.
No wild-eyed poets raved of Spring,—
  We had our *tales*, it's true,
But novels weren't a general thing
  When this old joke was new.

When this old joke was new
  We drew an easier breath,
For we had then no Funny Men
  To make us long for death;
No "Comic Paper," stale and flat,
  To paint our faces blue,
They wouldn't have tolerated that
  When this old joke was new.

When this old joke was new
We somehow hadn't hit
The lack of shame that builds up fame
On other people's wit.
Perhaps folk were more honest then;
Had consciences a few;
And differed from our race of men,
When this old joke was new.

J. T. BROWN.

The Wise Phrenologist.

PROFESSOR FEELABOUT could read
Your character—he could indeed!
All bumps upon the head he knew,
And from them calculations drew;
The salient points he never missed,—
He was a wise phrenologist.

He had a shop with casts displayed
Of murderers' heads in rows arrayed,
With labels on to indicate
The bumps that lured them to their fate.
Statesman, poet, lawyer, thief,
Each stood out in bold relief;
Shelf on shelf, and bust by bust,
All the best and all the *wust;*
Charts and wise delineations
Of heads of men of different nations,

Numbered in sections with a key
Showing what each one ought to be;
If this proved wisdom I insist
He was a wise phrenologist.

To Feelabout one day there came
A stranger, hearing of his fame.
If looks could be relied on, then
He was the softest of all men;
A simple, guileless, country son,
A fitting subject to be "done."
The wise professor said, "Ha, hum!
I'm very glad that you have come;
Step in, my friend, and sit you down,
Whilst I manipulate your crown:
A casual look proclaims your fate
To be the greatest of the great."

The stranger—ne'er a word spake he—
Stept in and paid the usual fee;
Sat down and waited with a grin
For the Professor to begin.
Commencing then, the wise man read
The surface of the stranger's head;
From point to point his fingers strayed
And lavish compliments he paid
(He had no bad points on *his* list,
He was a wise phrenologist).

Towards the close, whilst here and there
He searched amongst the stranger's hair,

The wise professor's digits found
Ensconced a veritable mound.
"Aha, my lucky friend," he said;
"A fitting finish to your head;
This bump proclaims you, I declare,
Predestined for a millionaire."

The stranger softly muttered "Whew!
I guess, purfessor, that'll do;
Just hand me back my money quick;
That bump's the product of a brick,"
And then the irate stranger swore
With Feelabout to wipe the floor,
And other things too shocking quite
To be divulged to *eyes* polite.

Amazed the wise professor stood;
Could it be true? It never could.
Return his fee? His art a sell?
And he so wise to go to—well,
In short, to pay up he demurred;
The stranger spake no further word,
But rose, and doubling up his fist,
Just "went for" that phrenologist.

Then to the peaceful skies arose
The sound of swift-descending blows,
And many fragments strewed the ground,
And busts all busted lay around.

Draw we a veil, the scene must close.
When the next morning's sun arose,
The stranger to his home had flown,
The wise professor was alone:
A sadder, sorer man—I wist,
In truth, a wise phrenologist.

J. T. BROWN.

A Dutchman's Dog Story.

DERE vhas a leedle vomans once
  Who keept a leedle shtore,
Und had a leedle puppy dog
  Dot shtoodt pefore der door.
Und evfery dime der peoples coom
  He opened vide him's jaw.
    Schnip! Schnap! shoost so,
      Und bite dem.

Vun day anoder puppy dog
  Cooms runnin' down der shtreet,
Oudt of Herr Schneider's sausage-shop,
  Vhere he had shtoled some meat;
Und after him der Schneider man—
  Der vhind vhas not more fleet.
    Whir-r-r! Whist! shoost so,
      Like vinkin!

Der leedle voman's puppy dog
  Vhas lookin' at der ſun,
He barkit at der Schneider man,
  Und right peſore him run;
Den ſell him down, dot Schneider man,
  Like shooted mit a gun.
    Bang! Crash! shoost so,
      Und voorser.

Der puppy dog dot shtoled der meat,
  Roon'd on und got avhay;
Der leedle voman's puppy dog
  Der Schneider man did slay,
Und make him indo sausages—
  Dot's vot der peoples say.
    Chip! Chop! shoost so,
      Und sell him.

DER MORAL.

Der moral is, don't interfere
  Vhen droubles is aroundt;
Der man dot's in der fightin' crowd
  Vhill get hurt I'll be pound.
Mind your own peesness, dot is pest,
  In liſe she vhill be ſound.
    Yaw! yaw! shoost so,
      I pet you.

J. T. BROWN.

Candour.

October—A Wood.

"I KNOW what you're going to say," she said,
And she stood up looking uncommonly tall;
"You are going to speak of the hectic Fall,
And say you're sorry the summer's dead.
And no other summer was like it, you know,
And can I imagine what made it so?
Now, are n't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," she said;
"You are going to ask if I forget
That day in June when the woods were wet,
And you carried me"—here she dropped her head—
"Over the creek; you are going to say,
Do I remember that horrid day,
Now, are n't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," she said;
"You are going to say that since that time
You have rather tended to run to rhyme,
And"—her clear glance fell and her cheek grew red—
"And have I noticed your tone was queer?—
Why, everybody has seen it here!—
Now, are n't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," I said;
"You're going to say you've been much annoyed,
And I'm short of tact—you will say devoid—
And I'm clumsy and awkward, and call me Ted,
And I bear abuse like a dear old lamb,
And you'll have me, anyway, just as I am.
Now, are n't you, honestly?"
"Ye-es," she said.

H. C. BUNNER.

Forfeits.

THEY sent him round the circle fair,
To bow before the prettiest there.
I'm bound to say the choice he made
A creditable task displayed;
Although—I can't say what it meant—
The little maid looked ill-content.

His task was then anew begun—
To kneel before the wittiest one.
Once more that little maid sought he,
And went him down upon his knee.
She bent her eyes upon the floor—
I think she thought the game a bore.

He circled then—his sweet behest
To kiss the one he loved the best.
For all she frowned, for all she chid,
He kissed the little maid, he did.
And then—though why I can't decide—
The little maid looked satisfied.

H. C. BUNNER.

The Romance of the Carpet.

BASKING in peace in the warm Spring sun,
South Hill smiled upon Burlington.

The breath of May! and the day was fair,
And the bright motes danced in the balmy air.

And the sunlight gleamed where the restless breeze
Kissed the fragrant blooms on the apple-trees.

His beardless cheek with a smile was spanned,
As he stood with a carriage whip in his hand.

And he laughed as he doffed his bobtail coat,
And the echoing folds of the carpet smote.

And she smiled as she leaned on her busy mop,
And said she'd tell him when to stop.

So he pounded away till the dinner-bell
Gave him a little breathing spell.

But he sighed when the kitchen clock struck one,
And she said the carpet wasn't done.

But he lovingly put in his biggest licks,
And he pounded like mad till the clock struck six.

And she said, in a dubious kind of way,
That she guessed he could finish it up next day.

Then all that day, and the next day too,
That fuzz from the dirtless carpet flew.

And she'd give it a look at eventide,
And say, "Now beat on the other side."

And the new days came as the old days went,
And the landlord came for his regular rent.

And the neighbors laughed at the tireless broom,
And his face was shadowed with clouds of gloom.

Till at last, one cheerless winter day,
He kicked at the carpet and slid away.

Over the fence and down the street
Speeding away with footsteps fleet.

And never again the morning sun
Smiled on him beating his carpet-drum.

And South Hill often said with a yawn,
"Where's the carpet-martyr gone?"

Years twice twenty had come and past,
And the carpet swayed in the Autumn blast.

And never yet, since that bright spring-time,
Had it ever been taken down from the line.

Over the fence a grey-haired man
Cautiously clim, clome, clem, clum, clam.

He found him a stick in the old wood pile,
And he gathered it up with a sad, grim smile.

A flush passed over his face forlorn,
As he gazed at the carpet, tattered and torn.

And he hit it a most resounding thwack,
Till the startled air gave his echoes back.

And out of the window a white face leaned,
And a palsied hand the pale face screened.

She knew his face, she gasped, and sighed,
"A little more on the under side."

Right down on the ground his stick he throwed,
And he shivered and said, "Well, I am blowed."

And he turned away with a heart full sore,
And he never was seen not more, not more.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

Wilhelmj.

OH, King of the fiddle, Wilhelmj,
If truly you love me just tellmj;
Just answer my sigh
By a glance of your eye,
Be honest, and don't try to sellmj.

With rapture your music did thrillmj;
With pleasure supreme did it fillmj,
And if I could believe
That you meant to deceive—
Wilhelmj, I think it would killmj.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

A Friend of Yours.

He comes, but not with clamorous gush,
Nor with defiant, echoing rush;
With voiceless footfall on the floor,
He comes to stay—the bore, the bore!

Soft is his voice as unbaked bread,
And softer than his voice, his head;
His talk is flatter than the floor,
But yet he stays—the bore, the bore!

Upon your brow, as black as night,
He smiles, with placid mien, polite;
And when you tread upon his toes,
"Beg pawdon,"—but he never goes.

You toss newspapers in his face,
He smiles, but does not leave his place;
You yawn, you close your eyes and snore—
He does not go—the bore, the bore!

Oh, brick we up each window tight,
Shut out the sun, the air, the light;
With iron armour case the door—
He'll still get in—the bore, the bore!

Robert J. Burdette.

What Will We Do?

WHAT will we do when the good days come?
When the prima donna's lips are dumb;
And the man who reads us his "little things"
Has lost his voice like the girl who sings;
When stilled is the breath of the cornet man,
And the shrilling chords of the quartette clan;
When our neighbours' children have lost their drums,
Oh, what will we do when the good time comes?

Oh, what will we do in that good, blithe time,
When the tramp will work—oh, thing sublime!
And the scornful dame who stands on your feet
Will "Thank you, sir," for the proffered seat;
And the man you hire to work by the day,
Will allow you to do his work your way;
And the cook who trieth your appetite
Will steal no more than she thinks is right;
When the boy you hire will call you "Sir,"
Instead of "Say" and "Guverner;"
When the funny man is humorsome—
How can we stand the millennium?

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

775

Eliphalet Chapin's Wedding.

'TWAS when the leaves of Autumn were by tempest-fingers picked,
Eliphalet Chapin started to become a benedict;
With an ancient two-ox waggon to bring back his new-found goods,
He hawed and gee'd and floundered through some twenty miles o' woods;
With prematrimonial ardour he his hornèd steeds did press,
But Eliphalet's wedding journey didn't bristle with success.
Oh no,
Woe, woe!
With candour to digress,
Eliphalet's wedding journey didn't tremble with success.

He had not carried five miles his mouth-disputed face,
When his wedding garments parted in some inconvenient place;
He'd have given both his oxen to a wife that now was dead,
For her company two minutes with a needle and a thread.
But he pinned them up, with twinges of occasional distress,
Feeling that his wedding wouldn't be a carnival of dress:

"Haw, Buck!
Gee, Bright!
Derned pretty mess!"
No; Eliphalet was not strictly a spectacular success.

He had not gone a ten-mile when a wheel demurely broke,
A disunited family of felloe, hub, and spoke;
It joined, with flattering prospects, the Society of Wrecks;
And he had to cut a sapling, and insert it 'neath the "ex."
So he ploughed the hills and valleys with that Doric wheel and tire,
Feeling that his wedding journey was not all he could desire.
"Gee, Bright!
G'long, Buck!"
He shouted, hoarse with ire!
No; Eliphalet's wedding journey none in candour could admire!

He had not gone fifteen miles with extended face forlorn,
When Night lay down upon him hard, and kept him there till morn;
And when the daylight chuckled at the gloom within his mind,
One ox was "Strayed or Stolen," and the other hard to find.

So yoking Buck as usual, he assumed the part of Bright
(Constituting a menagerie diverting to the sight);
With "Haw, Buck!
Gee, Buck!
Sha'n't get there till night!"
No; Eliphalet's wedding journey was not one intense delight.

Now, when he drove his equipage up to his sweetheart's door,
The wedding guests had tired and gone, just half-an-hour before;
The preacher had from sickness an unprofitable call,
And had sent a voice proclaiming that he couldn't come at all;
The parents had been prejudiced by some one, more or less,
And the sire the bridegroom greeted with a different word from "bless."
"Blank your head,
You blank!" he said;
"We'll break this off, I guess!"
No; Eliphalet's wedding was not an unqualified success.

Now, when the bride saw him arrive, she shook her crimson locks,
And vowed to goodness gracious she would never wed an ox;

And with a vim deserving rather better social luck,
She eloped that day by daylight with a swarthy Indian
"buck,"
With the presents in the pockets of her woollen wedding-
dress;
And "Things ain't mostly with me," quoth Eliphalet,
"I confess."
No—no;
As things go,
No fair mind 'twould impress,
That Eliphalet Chapin's wedding was an unalloyed
success.

WILL CARLETON.

Uncle Sammy.

SOME men were born for great things,
Some were born for small;
Some—it is not recorded
Why they were born at all;
But Uncle Sammy was certain he had a legitimate
call.

Some were born with a talent,
Some with scrip and land;
Some with a spoon of silver,
And some with a different brand;
But Uncle Sammy came holding an argument in
each hand.

Arguments sprouted within him,
And twinkled in his little eye;
He lay and calmly debated
When average babies cry,
And seemed to be pondering gravely whether to live or to die.

But prejudiced on that question
He grew from day to day,
And finally he concluded
'Twas better for him to stay;
And so into life's discussion he reasoned and reasoned his way.

Through childhood, through youth, into manhood
Argued and argued he;
And he married a simple maiden,
Though scarcely in love was she;
But he reasoned the matter so clearly, she hardly could help but agree.

And though at first she was blooming,
And the new firm started strong,
And though Uncle Sammy loved her,
And tried to help her along,
She faded away in silence, and 'twas evident something was wrong.

Now Uncle Sammy was faithful,
And various remedies tried;
He gave her the doctor's prescriptions,
And plenty of logic beside;
But logic and medicine failed him, and so one day she died.

He laid her away in the churchyard,
So haggard and crushed and wan;
And reared her a costly tombstone
With all of her virtues on;
And ought to have added, "A victim to arguments *pro* and *con*."

For many a year Uncle Sammy
Fired away at his logical forte;
Discussion was his occupation,
And altercation his sport;
He argued himself out of churches, he argued himself into court.

But alas for his peace and quiet,
One day, when he went it blind,
And followed his singular fancy,
And slighted his logical mind,
And married a ponderous widow that wasn't of the arguing kind!

Her sentiments all were settled,
Her habits were planted and grown,
Her heart was a starved little creature
That followed a will of her own;
And she raised a high hand with Sammy, and proceeded to play it alone.

Then Sammy he charged down upon her
With all of his strength and his wit,
And many a dextrous encounter,
And many a fair shoulder-hit;
But vain were his blows and his blowing; he never could budge her a bit.

He laid down his premises round her,
He scraped at her with his saws;
He rained great facts upon her,
And read her the marriage laws;
But the harder he tried to convince her, the harder and harder she was.

She brought home all her preachers,
As many as ever she could—
With sentiments terribly settled,
And appetites horribly good—
Who sat with him long at his table, and explained to him where he stood.

And Sammy was not long in learning
To follow the swing of her gown,
And came to be faithful in watching
The phase of her smile and her frown;
And she, with the heel of assertion, soon tramped all his arguments down.

And so, with his life-aspirations
Thus suddenly brought to a check—
And so, with the foot of his victor
Unceasingly pressing his neck—
He wrote on his face, "I'm a victim," and drifted—a logical wreck.

And farmers, whom he had argued
To corners tight and fast,
Would wink at each other and chuckle,
And grin at him as he passed,
As to say, "My ambitious old fellow, your whiffle-tree's straightened at last."

Old Uncle Sammy, one morning,
Lay down on his comfortless bed,
And Death and he had a discussion,
And Death came out ahead;
And the fact that SHE failed to start him was only because he was dead.

The neighbours laid out their old neighbour,
With homely but tenderest art;
And some of the oldest ones faltered,
And tearfully stood apart,
For the crusty old man had often unguardedly shown them his heart.

But on his face an expression
Of quizzical study lay,
As if he were sounding the angels
Who travelled with him that day,
And laying the pipes down slyly for an argument on the way.

And one new-fashioned old lady
Felt called upon to suggest
That the angel might take Uncle Sammy,
And give him a good night's rest,
And then introduce him to Solomon, and tell him to do his best.

WILL CARLETON.

The Kitchen Clock.

KNITTING is the maid o' the kitchen, Milly,
Doing nothing sits the chore boy, Billy:
"Seconds reckoned,
Seconds reckoned;
Every minute,
Sixty in it.
Milly, Billy,
Billy, Milly,
Tick-tock, tock-tick,
Nick-knock, knock-nick,
Knockety-nick, nickety-knock,"—
Goes the kitchen clock.

Closer to the fire is rosy Milly,
Every whit as close and cosy, Billy:
"Time's a-flying,
Worth your trying;
Pretty Milly—
Kiss her, Billy!
Milly, Billy
Billy, Milly,
Tick-tock, tock-tick,
Now—now, quick—quick!
Knockety-nick, nickety-knock,"—
Goes the kitchen clock.

Something's happened, very red is Milly,
Billy boy is looking very silly;
"Pretty misses,
Plenty kisses;
Make it twenty,
Take a plenty.
Billy, Milly,
Milly, Billy,
Right—left, left—right,
That's right, all right,
Knockety-nick, nickety-knock,"—
Goes the kitchen clock.

Weeks gone, still they're sitting, Milly, Billy;
O, the winter winds are wondrous chilly!
"Winter weather,
Close together;
Wouldn't tarry,
Better marry.
Milly, Billy,
Billy, Milly,
Two—one, one—two,
Don't wait, 'twon't do,
Knockety-nick, nickety-knock,"—
Goes the kitchen clock.

Winters two have gone, and where is Milly?
Spring has come again, and where is Billy?
"Give me credit,
For I did it;

Treat me kindly,
Mind you wind me.
Mister Billy,
Mistress Milly,
My—O, O—my,
By-by, by-by,
Nickety-knock, cradle rock,"—
Goes the kitchen clock.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

The Trapper's Sweetheart.

WIDE awake, now, mind your eye,
She will think on't by-and-by;
She will see—perhaps—she may
'Gin to-morrer, not to-day.
"Be true to me,
Furgit," says she,
Jest as it may hit her fancy:
That's it zackly, that's my Nancy.

Take a squirrel up a tree,
Jest so frisky, sir, is she:
Now on this side, now on that,
You must watch her like a cat.

It's "No," it's "Yes,
I rather guess"—
Jest as it may tech her fancy:
That's it zackly, that's my Nancy.

You've seen creeturs sudden lame,
Git too near 'em, an'—they're game!
Her right over! an inch too near,
Up and off is Nancy dear.
"Yes, Jake," says she,
"Laws sake!" says she,
Jest accordin' to her fancy:
That's it zackly, that's my Nancy.

Whew, a gal's a cunnin' thing!
You must take 'em on the wing.—
I'll be goin'; fur, ye see,
Nancy, she's expectin' me.
I'll hit or miss her,
It's quit or kiss her;
I'm fur facts, while she's fur fancy;
That's us *zackly*—me and Nancy.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

Tom and Jerry's Duel;

Or, The Battle of Brandy-Wine.

BOTH Tom and Jerry wooed Miss Stout,
And tried to sit each other out:
They used up so much gas and fuel,
She told them they must fight a duel.

"I'll choose the weapons, though," she said,
"And the survivor I will wed."
To kill them both was her desire.
"Use puns," she said, "on liquors. Fire!"

Tom tried first. "Ale love like mine
For sweet Miss Stout is gin-u-wine;
If by a rival she was led,
I'd take her Roman punch his head."

Then Jerry shot. "Ice water night
To always treat Madeira right;
If I a rival had in town,
I'd for my girl's egg-nogg him down."

Then Tom let fly. "You water see
How I sup porter gallon-dy;
My spirits would be cordial, though
I'd liquor man who kissed her, O!"

Then Jerry banged. "I'd not champagne
If she *was* Kissingen-tlemaine,
Because eye-opener to find
She whiskey-rect toby so kind.

First blood for Jerry. Tom hit back,
"I'd beer fraid your rye I'd black—
You arrack coward brandy-d clear—
Say! would Jamaica rum-pus here?"

Both stopped for breath, exhausted quite
By this new form of dynamite;
Each staggered to the scratch sublime,
When poor Miss Stout called feebly, "Time."

Jerry began. "Now kummel long,
O tardy mug-wump, sing your song;
I'll bitters cent your're soda-stroyed
That you'll keep Mumm and puns avoid."

Tom gasped, "Your inn seltzer ice corn;
I can keep up this port till morn;
Heidseck a doctor were rye you—
This cider claret, sir, is true."

Down Jerry fell. As he expired,
This last and deadly shot he fired—
"You applejack-ass—I'm not through,
For Sherry's ghost will pun-ish you."

Tom on the corpse gave one "old crow,"
Then tumbled dead upon his foe,
And poor Miss Stout lay on the floor;
She'd died with spasms long before.

H. C. DODGE.

Signs of the Times.

"*Dear Jones*"
(I WILL not do as he
Requests, and I am fervent
In saying so)—"and I remain
Your most obedient servant."

"*Dear Brown*"
(He's not the company
A wise man would select)—
"And pray believe me, sir, I am
Yours with profound respect."

"*Dear Tom*,
Your favour is at hand"—
(But I decline to lend
The small amount he mentions)—"and,
As ever, I'm your friend."

"*Dear Smith*"
(I like him not at all;
I tolerate him merely;
He bores me when he makes a call)—
"And I am yours sincerely."

"*Dear Will*"
(It certainly would please
Me if, for lack of breath,
He'd go where he would never freeze)—
"With love I'm yours till death."

"*Dear Ned*"
(I hope he'll not again
Ask favours from me)—"and
I have the honour to remain
Yours humbly to command."

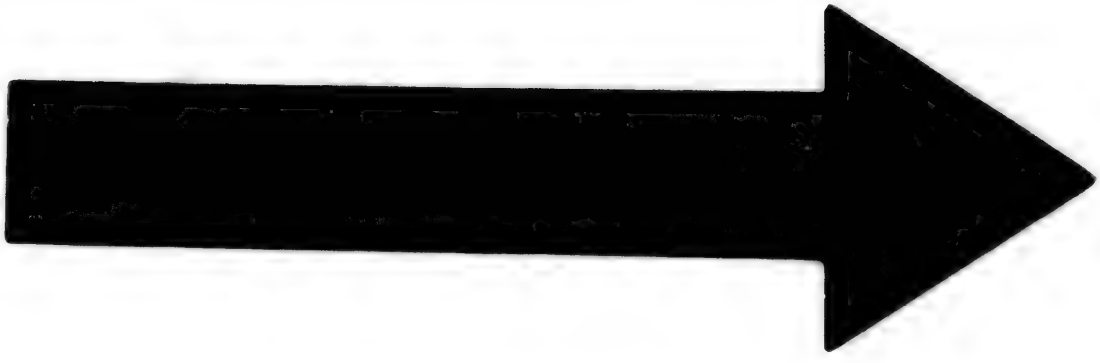
Dear Friends—
When we're obliged to sign
Our names to letters duly,
Both much and nothing we combine
By saying just—
"Yours truly."

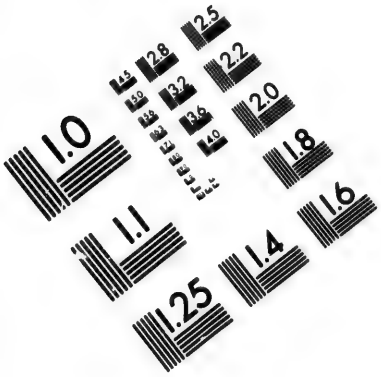
H. C. DODGE.

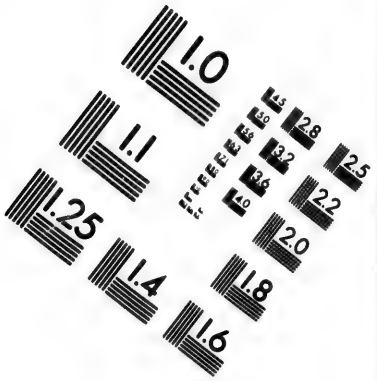
Bait of the Average Fisherman.

THIS is the bait the
fishermen take,
the fishermen
take, the fishermen take,
when they start out the
fish to wake so
early in the
morning. They
take a nip before they go—a
good one, ah! and long and slow,
for fear the chills will lay them low
so early in the morning. Another — when
they're on the street, which they repeat each
time they meet for "luck" — for that's the
way to greet a fisher in the morning. — And
when they are on the river's brink again
they drink without a wink — to fight ma-
laria they think it proper in the morn-
ing. They tip a flask with true delight
when there's a bite; if fishing's light
they "smile" the more, till jolly tight
all fishing they are scorning. An-
other nip as they depart; one at the
mart and one to part, but none
when in the house they dart, ex-
pecting there'll be mourning.
This is the bait the fisher-
men try, who fishes buy at
prices high, and tell each
one a bigger lie of fish-
ing in the morning.

H. C. DODGE.







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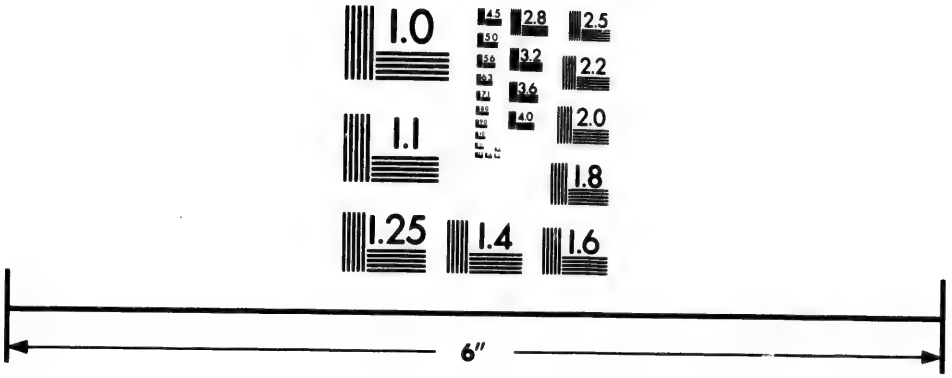

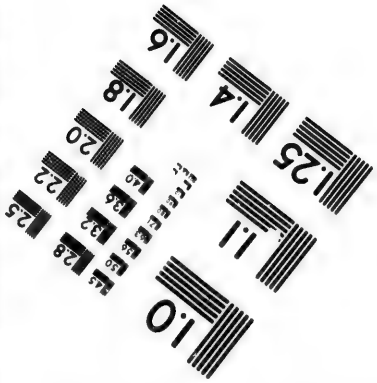

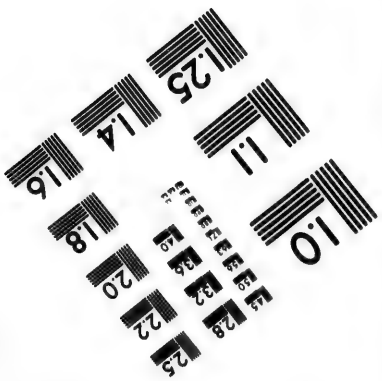

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If.

If a man could live a thousand years,
  When half his life had passed,
He might, by strict economy,
  A fortune have amassed.

Then having gained some common-sense,
  And knowledge, too, of life,
He could select the woman who
  Would make him a true wife.

But as it is, man hasn't time
  To even pay his debts,
And weds to be acquainted with
  The woman whom he gets.

H. C. Dodge.

A Splendid Fellow.

Delmonico's is where he dines
On quail on toast, washed down with wines;
Then lights a twenty-cent cigar
With quite a flourish at the bar.

He throws his money down so proud,
And "sets 'em up" for all the crowd;
A dozen games of billiards, too,
He gaily looses ere he's through.

Oh, he's a splendid fellow, quite;
He pays his debts with such delight,
And often boasts of—to his clan—
His honour as a gentleman.

But when this splendid fellow's wife,
Who leads at home a frugal life,
Begs for a little change to buy
A dress, he looks at her so wry,

That she, alarmed at his distress,
Gives him a kiss and sweet caress,
And says, "Don't worry so, my dear,
I'll turn the dress I made last year."

H. C. DODGE.

A Coat Tale.

OLD Tommy Taylor, tailor and
Retailer, doth retail
Old army coats and coats of arms,
And also coats of male.

With coats of paint he paints his coats
  Of arms above his door;
His motto is, "I sew the tares,
  Sew all may rip the more."

He is an artist tailor, and
  His artist work, he'll tell,
Is getting pay from customers
  Until he custom well.

Whene'er his sewing was a lot
  His owing was a little,
And though ill fits he never got,
  He often got a fit ill.

He seldom tore his clothes, although
  He'd often close his store,
And then he'd eye his clothes a while,
  Then close his eyes and swore.

To thread a little needle he
  Would needle little thread:
When cutting dandy's suit he'd say,
  "This scissor cut I dread."

In winter he invests in vests;
  In summer pants in pants;
In spring he sews some seedy things;
  In fall he rips, perchance.

He would make breeches of the piece
  Which he was bound to keep,
But none cared for his little fleece
  Because his goods were sheep.

H. C. DODGE.

Wait a Bit.

WHEN Johnny came a-courting,
  I thought him over bold,
For I was but a young thing,
  And he no' very old.
And though I liked him well enough,
  I sent him on his way,
With "Wait a bit, bide a bit,
  Wait a week and a day!"

When Johnny passed me in the lane,
  And pleaded for a kiss,
And vowed he'd love me evermore
  For granting of that bliss;
Although I'd like it ower well,
  I ran from him away,
With "Wait a bit, bide a bit,
  Wait a week and a day!"

When Johnny fell a-ranting,
  With, "Jenny, be my wife!"
And vowed I never should regret,
  However long my life;
Although I liked it best o' all,
  I turned from him away,
With, "Wait a bit, bide a bit,
  Wait a week and a day!"

Oh, Johnny was a ninny,
  He took me at my word!
And he was courting another
  The next thing that I heard.
Oh, what a ninny was Johnny,
  To mind me when I'd say,
"Wait a bit, bide a bit,
  Wait a week and a day!"

Heigh-ho, I've met my Johnny,
  I gave him a blink o' my eye,
And then he fell a-raving,
  For want o' my love he'd die!
I ne'er could be so cruel,
  So I set the wedding day,
With, "Haste a bit, nor waste a bit,
  There's danger in delay!"

JENNIE E. T. DOWE.

Heart and Hand.

I LOVED her in the early spring,
When bluebirds mate and robins sing;
My heart cried haste! oh, speak! make haste!
My head made answer, haste is waste!

I dropped the corn, I sowed the wheat,
The summer came with blossoms sweet;
And all the time my heart cried haste,
And head made answer, haste is waste!

I stacked the grain, I sheared the sheep,
I reasoned that my love would keep;
My heart's loud cry of haste, oh, haste!
Was silenced still by haste makes waste!

The ground is covered o'er with snow,
Another wed her weeks ago!—
My mocking heart cries haste, make haste!
And mocking head, oh, haste makes waste!

JENNIE E. T. DOWE.

The Wreck of the "Julie Plante."

A Legend of Lake St. Peter.

On wan dark night on Lac Saint Pierre,
De win' she blow, blow, blow,
An' de crew of de wood scow "Julie Plante"
Got scar't, an' run below—
For de win' she blow lak hurricain,
Bimeby she blow some more,
An' de scow buss h'up on Lac Saint Pierre
Wan h'arpent from de shore.

De captinne walk h'on de fronte deck,
An' walk de n' deck too—
He call de crew from h'up de 'ole,
He call de cook h'also.
De crew she's name was Rosie,
She's come from Montreal,
Was chambre maid h'on lombaire barge,
H'on de Grande La Chine Canal.

De win' she's blow from nor'-eass-wess—
De sout' win' she's blow too,
W'en Rosie cry, "Mon cher captinne,
Mon cher, w'at I shall do?"

Den de captinne trow de big h'ankerre,
But steel de scow she dreef,
De crew he can't pass on de shore,
Becos he loss hees skeef.

De night was dark lak' wan black cat,
De wave run 'igh an' fas',
W'en de captinne tak' de poor Rosie
An' tie her to de mas'.
Den he h'also tak' de life preserve,
An' jomp h'off on de lak',
An' say, "Good-bye, ma Rosie dear,
I go drown for your sak'."

Nex' morning very h'early
Bout haf-pas' two—t'ree—four—
De captinne—scow—an' de poor Rosie
Was corpses on de shore.
For de win' she blow lak' hurricain,
Bimeby she blow some more,
An' de scow bus' h'up on Lac Saint Pierre,
Wan h'arpent from de shore.

MORAL.

Now h'all good wood scow sailor man
Tak' warning by dat storm,
An' go an' marry some nice French girl
An' leev on one beeg farm.

De win' can blow lak' hurricain,
An' spose she blow some more,
You can't get drown h'on Lac Saint Pierre
So long you stay h'on shore.

W. H. DRUMMOND.

"De Papineau Gun."

BON JOUR, Monsieur,—you want to know
About dat gun—w'at good she's for?
V' Jean Baptiste Bruneau—mon pere,
Fig wit' dat gun on Pap'neau War.

Long time since den you say—c'est vrai,
An' me too young for member well,
But how de patriot fight an' die,
I h'offen hear de h'ole folk tell.

De H'Engleesh don't h'ack square dat time,
Don't geev de habitants no show;
So long come Wolfred Nelson
Wit' Louis Joseph Papineau.

An' swear de people have deir right,
Wolfred, he's write Victoriaw;
But she's no good—so den de war
Commence among de habitants.

Pap'neau an' Nelson, 'fraid noting,
Dey fight an' bleed pour la patrie;
I hope le bon Dien have 'em bote—
Salut Wolfred! Salut Louis!

Mon pere he leev to Grande Brulé,
So smarter man you never see,
Was h'alway on de grande hooraw,
Plaintee—w'at you call dat? Esprit.

So w'en dey form wan compagnie,
All dress wit' tuque an' ceinture sash,
My fader tak' hees gun wit' him,
An' marche away to Saint Eustache.

W'ere many patriots was camp
Wit' brave Chenier deir capitaine,
W'en 'long come H'Engleesh generale,
An' more two t'ousan' sojor man.

De patriots dey go on church,
An' feex her up deir possibill;
Dey fight deir bes', but soon fine h'out
"Canon de bois" no good for kill.

An' den de church she come on fire,
An' burn h'almos' down to de groun';
So w'at you tink our man can do
Wit' all dem H'Engleesh h'armee roun'?

'Poleon, hees sojor never fight
More brave as dem poor habitants;
Chenier, he try for broke de rank,
Chenier come dead immediatement

My fader shoot so long he can,
An' den he's load hees gun some more,
Jomp on de river quick like flash,
An' try for pass a l'autré bord.

Sure 'nuff de water's cole an' damp,
Mos' h'alway lak' dat on de fall;
My fader's tak' hees gun wit' heem,
De powder don't get wet at all.

Well, he reach home 'bout next morning,
An' keep perdu for many day,
Till h'everyting she come tranquille,
An' sojor man h'all gone away.

An' h'affer dat we get our right,
Les Canayens don't fight no more;
My fader's never shoot dat gun,
But place her up above de door.

So w'en you h'ax questyinne, my frien',
'Bout dat h'ole gun—w'at good she's for—
I h'answer, Jean Baptiste Bruneau
Fight wit' dat gun on Pap'neau War.

W. H. DRUMMOND.

A Leap-Year Episode.

CAN I forget that winter night
  In eighteen eighty-four,
When Nellie, charming little sprite,
  Came tapping at the door?
"Good evening, miss," I blushing said,
  For in my heart I knew—
And, knowing, hung my pretty head—
  That Nellie came to woo.

She clasped my big, red hand, and fell
  Adown upon her knees,
And cried: "You know I love you well,
  So be my husband, please!"
And then she swore she'd ever be
  A tender wife and true—
Ah, what delight it was to me
  That Nellie came to woo!

She'd lace my shoes and darn my hose
  And mend my shirts, she said;
And grease my comely Roman nose
  Each night on going to bed;
She'd build the fires and fetch the coal,
  And split the kindling, too—
Love's perjuries o'erwhelmed her soul
  When Nellie came to woo.

And as I, blushing, gave no check
  To her advances rash,
She twined her arms about my neck,
  And toyed with my moustache;
And then she pleaded for a kiss,
  While I—what could I do
But coyly yield me to that bliss
  When Nellie came to woo?

I am engaged, and proudly wear
  A gorgeous diamond ring,
And I shall wed my lover fair
  Some time in gentle spring.
I face my doom without a sigh—
  And so, forsooth, would you,
If you but loved as fond as I
  The Nellie who came to woo.

EUGENE FIELD?

Apple-Pie and Cheese.

FULL many a sinful notion
  Conceived of foreign pow'rs
Has come across the ocean
  To harm this land of ours;
And heresies called fashions
  Have modesty effaced,
And baleful, morbid passions
  Corrupt our native taste.
O tempora! O mores!
  What profanations these
That seek to dim the glories
  Of apple-pie and cheese!

I'm glad my education
  Enables me to stand
Against the vile temptation
  Held out on every hand;
Eschewing all the tittles
  With vanity replete,
I'm loyal to the victuals
  Our grandsires used to eat!
I'm glad I've got three willing boys
  To hand around and tease
Their mother for the filling joys
  Of apple-pie and cheese!

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Your flavoured creams and ices
  And your dainty angel-food
Are mighty fine devices
  To regale the dainty dude;
Your terrapin and oysters,
  With wine to wash 'em down,
Are just the thing for roisters
  When painting of the town;
No flippant, sugared notion
  Shall my appetite appease
Or bate my soul's devotion
  To apple-pie and cheese!

The pie my Julia makes me
  (God bless her Yankee ways!)
On memory's pinions takes me
  To dear Green Mountain days;
And seems like I saw mother
  Lean on the window sill,
A-handin' me and brother
  What she knows 'll keep us still;
And these feelings are so grateful—
  Says I: "Julia, if you please,
I'll take another plateful
  Of that apple-pie and cheese!"

And cheese! No alien it, sir,
  That's brought across the sea—
No Dutch antique, nor Switzer,
  Nor glutinous de Brie;

There's nothing I abhor so
  As mawmets of this ilk—
Give me the harmless *morceau*
  That's made of true-blue milk!
No matter what conditions
  Dyspeptic come to feaze—
The best of all physicians
  Is apple-pie and cheese!

Tho' ribalds may decry 'em,
  For these twin boons we stand,
Partaking thrice per diem
  Of their fulness out of hand;
No enervating fashion
  Shall cheat us of our right
To gratify our passion
  With a mouthful at a bite!
We'll cut it square or bias,
  Or any way we please,
And faith shall justify us
  When we carve our pie and cheese!

De gustibus, 'tis stated,
  Non disputandum est—
Which meaneth, when translated,
  That all is for the best.
So let the foolish choose 'em
  The vapid sweets of sin—

I will not disabuse 'em
  Of the heresy they're in;
But I, when I undress me
  Each night, upon my knees
Will ask the Lord to bless me
  With apple-pie and cheese!

EUGENE FIELD.

The Little Peach.

A LITTLE peach in the orchard grew,
A little peach of emerald hue:
Warmed by the sun, and wet by the dew.
  It grew.

One day, walking the orchard through,
That little peach dawned on the view
Of Johnny Jones and his sister Sue—
  Those two.

Up at the peach a club they threw:
Down from the limb on which it grew,
Fell the little peach of emerald hue—
  Too true!

John took a bite, and Sue took a chew,
And then the trouble began to brew,—
Trouble the doctor couldn't subdue,—
Paregoric too.

Under the turf where the daisies grew,
They planted John and his sister Sue;
And their little souls to the angels flew—
Boo-hoo!

But what of the peach of emerald hue,
Warmed by the sun, and wet by the dew?
Ah, well! its mission on earth is through—
Adieu!

EUGENE FIELD.

A White-House Ballad.

The Pie.

KING GROVER at his table round
Sate feasting once, and there was sound
Of good things said and sly;
When presently, King Grover spake:
"A murrain seize this futile *cake!*
Come, Daniel, pass the *pie!*"

Then quoth Sir Daniel, flaming hot,
"Pie hath not been in Camelot
Since Arthur was our king;
Soothly, I ween, 'twere vain to make
Demand for pie where there is cake,
For pie's a ribald thing!"

"Despite King Arthur's rash decree,
Which ill-beseemeth mine and me,"
King Grover answered flat,
"I will have pie three times a day,—
Let dotards cavil as they may,—
And *pumpkin*-pie, at that!"

Then, frowning a prodigious frown,
Sir Daniel pulled his visor down,
And, with a mighty sigh,
Out strode he to the kitchen, where
He bade the varlet slaves prepare
Three times each day a pie.

Thenceforth King Grover was content,
And all his reign in peace was spent;
And when 'twas questioned why
He waxed so hale, and why the while,
The whole domain was free from guile,
He simply answered, "Pie!"

EUGENE FIELD.

Ben Apfelgarten.

THERE was a certain gentleman, Ben Apfelgarten called,
Who lived way off in Germany a many years ago,
And he was very fortunate in being very bald,
And so was very happy he was so.
He worshipped all the day
Such songs as only they
Who are very, very circumspect and very happy may;
The people wondered why,
As the years went grinding by,
They never heard him once complain, or even heave a sigh!

The women of the province fell in love with genial Ben,
Till (may-be you can fancy it) the dickens was to pay
Among the callow students and the sober-minded men
With the women-folk a-cuttin' up that way!
Why, they gave him turbans red
To adorn his hairless head,
And knitted jaunty nightcaps to protect him when abed!
In vain the rest demurred—
Not a single chiding word
Those ladies deigned to tolerate — remonstrance was absurd!

Things finally got into such a very dreadful way
That the others (oh, how artful!) formed the politic design
To send him to the Reichstag; so, one dull November day,
They elected him a member from the Rhine!
Then the other members said:
"Gott in Himmel! what a head!"
But they marvelled when his speeches they listened to or read;
And presently they cried:
"There must be heaps inside
Of the smooth and shiny cranium his constituents deride!"

Well, when at last he up 'nd died—long past his ninetieth year—
The strangest and the most lugubrious funeral he had,
For women came in multitudes to weep upon his bier—
The men all wond'ring why on earth the women had gone mad!
And this wonderment increased,
Till the sympathetic priest
Inquired of those same ladies, "Why this fuss about deceased?"
Whereupon were they appalled,
For as one those women squalled,
"We doted on deceased for being bald—bald—bald!"

He was bald because his genius burnt that shock of hair
away,
Which elsewise clogs one's keenness and activity of
mind,
And (barring present company, of course) I'm free to say
That, after all, it's intellect that captures womankind.
At any rate, since then
(With a precedent in Ben),
The women-folk have been in love with us bald-headed
men!

EUGENE FIELD.

Ye Divell and Ye Miller his Wife.

I.

A FEENLY divell of renowne
Upp on ye earth ffor evill strode,
& roaming upp and rooring downe
hee came perchaunce unto ye towne
Where Hodge ye miller bode.

The devil comes to the miller's cottage, and tempts

II.

Hee knockit at yt Hodge hys doore —
Saies: "hodge, giff you will gang with mee
To do my service evermore,
Noe longer shall you be so pore
Nor meke as now you bee!"

Hodge, who is dazzled by the

III.

To hodge ye divell seemt a kynge,
ffor hodge his een ben blind to see
yt divell ben a lothsome thing,
Ye whyche colde only evill bring
to men wherere they bee.

fiend's promises and flatteries. But

IV.

But Mawk, hys wiffe, did know full well
he had a mind to hodge hys fall,
& shee esteemed him born of hell
ffor yt he had ye brimstone smelle,
Ye whych have divells all.

his wife is not fooled and she bids devil

V.

Shee saies unto yt divell: "nay,
my housband shall not goe with you,
bot hee shall mind ye mill to-day
& grind ye grist whiles yt he may
have grist wherwith to do."

begone and tells him that Hodge must stay at home.

VI.

Ye divell laught: "Ys cannot bee,
ffor Hodge must goe my chosen way"—
Bot, pinning upp her kirtle, shee
Sais, "Mister divell we shall see
Giff hodge shall goe or stay."

"No," says the devil— "Then we'll fight for him," says she, and

VII.

& thenne yt honest Hodge hys wiffe,
raisng across yt kitchen floore,
made att ye divell with a knife,
like shee ben bound to have hys life—
ffor she ben angred sore.

She attacks the devil with a knife, and they

VIII.

Shee carved yt divell on hys snoute,
above, below, beefour, behinde,
and upp & downe & round about,
till brimeston, ffire, and smoak came out
& fumes of every kind.

wrestle around and fight a goodly spell.

IX.

& shee did carve with soche availe
& soe did slash yt evill thing,
yt shee did carve yt feend hys tayle—
whereat yt feend made mikle wail
to leese hys damned sting.

She cuts off the devil's tail,

X.

& then shee grappled with yt beeste
& rashed around a goodly spell—
Ye brimston, smoak, & ffire increast—
bot Mawk did heed them none ye least,
syth they did come of hell.

and beats him until he is black and blue.

XI.

Ye divell he did rage and rore
  whenas shee tript him of a leg;
shee helt him down uppon ye floore
& buffat him till he ben sore
  & did ffor mercy beg.

The fiend begs for mercy, and

XII.

Withouten tayle, bot glad enow
  Yt hee had scapen with his liffe,
Yt divell back to hell did goe
Nor never came yt way no mo
  to worrit hodge hys wiffe.

she lets him go. He never bothers her any more.

XIII.

Then Hodge hys wiffe to Hodge did saye:
  "Yt ben a divell outen hell,
So you shall go to bed & staye
Withouten supper—ffor to-day
  Ile run ys mill mesell!"

"Now, Hodge," she says, "go to bed without your supper."

EUGENE FIELD.

Hanner.

It was here in Indianner
That I sparked and married Hanner,
Which is probably the reason
I've a story to relate:
Well, the world was all agin me,
And there weren't no good luck in me,
And my toes grew sore a-kickin'
'Gin the horny shins of fate.

On the farm, somehow or other,
Storms kept chasin' one a-nuther,
Till they trampled down my harvest,
And they mildewed out my hay.
Still, I'd time enough to gather
All my crops in purty weather
If I hadn't run for office,
Which (the office) ran away.

But my Hanner, in a manner,
Held aloft the fam'ly banner,
For she kept the pot a-biling;
Day and night she'd spin and weave,
While I kept electioneerin',
Till the neighbours got to sneerin',
Just because she made the livin',
And I thought we'd better leave.

Well, we kind o' took to roaming,
'Til we landed in Wyoming.
    It's the most confounded kentry
    That a Hoosier ever struck!
Injen-fighters, woman's-righters,
Long-nosed Yankees, pome-inditers—
    I'm all business, but what's business
    Where no one but fools have luck.

Fust I merchandized and busted
'Til I couldn't uv got trusted
    For a plug of black terbacker,
    Let alone a bag of flour.
But my Hanner went to cookin',
And fust thing I knowed she's took in
    Twenty boarders, and the money—
    Goodness sakes, she made a power!

Well, my life was growin' sunny
With the shine of Hanner's money;
    But the woman's-righters ran her
    For a Justice of the Peace.
And you bet it riz my dander
For to see her turnin' gander,
    Supersedin' uv her husband,
    Leavin' him among the geese.

But the long-nosed pome-inditers,
Injen-fighters, woman's-righters,
'Lected her; but you can bet your
Boots I didn't 'lectioneer.
And I told her, that's what I did,
That I'd finally decided
That the kentry wasn't healthy,
And we'd better come back here.

So we came to Indianner,
And I must confess that Hanner
Had electioneered so honest
That she hadn't spent a dollar.
And my life is once more sunny,
Hanner's keerful of my money,
And she's now a modest female,
Not ashamed her spouse to foller.

W. W. FINK.

Michael Maloney's Serenade.

OH! Nora McCune!
Is it draimin' ye are?
Is it wakin' or shleepin' ye be?
'Tis the dark of the moon,
An' there's niver a star
To watch if ye're peepin' at me.

Throw opin yer blind, shweet love, if ye're there;
An' if ye are not, plaze be shpakin';
An' ye're inclined, ye might bring yer guitah,
An' help me, me darlint, to wakin'.

I am lonely! ahone!
An' I'm Michael Maloney,
Awakin', shweet Nora McCune.
For, love, I'm alone,
An' here's Larrie Mahoney,
An' Dinnis O'Rouk an' Muldoon.
I've brought them to jine in the song I'll be singin';
For Nora, shweet Nora McCune,
You've shtarted me heart-strings so loudly to ringin',
One person can't carry the chune!

But don't be unaisy,
Me darlint, for fear
Our saicrit of love should be tould.
Mahoney is crazy,
An' Dinnis can't hear;
Muldoon is struck dumb wid a could.
Their backs are all facin' the window, my dear,
An' they've sworn by the horn of the moon,
That niver a note of me song will they hear
That refers to shweet Nora McCune.

W. W. FINK.

"Hullo."

W'EN you see a man in woe,
Walk right up and say "hullo!"
Say "hullo," an' "how d'ye do!"
"How's the world a-usin' you?"
Slap the fellow on his back,
Bring yer han' down with a whack;
Waltz right up, an' don't go slow,
Grin an' shake an' say "hullo!"

Is he clothed in rags? O sho!
Walk right up an' say "hullo!"
Rags is but a cotton roll
Jest for wrappin' up a soul;
An' a soul is worth a true
Hale an' hearty "how d'ye do!"
Don't wait for the crowd to go;
Walk right up and say "hullo!"

W'en big vessels meet, they say,
They saloot an' sail away.
Jest the same are you an' me,
Lonesome ships upon a sea;
Each one sailing his own jog
For a port beyond the fog.
Let yer speakin'-trumpet blow,
Lift yer horn an' cry "hullo!"

Say "hullo," an' "how d'ye do!"
Other folks are good as you.
W'en ye leave yer house of clay,
Wanderin' in the Far-Away,
W'en you travel through the strange
Country t'other side the range,
Then the souls you've cheered will know
Who ye be, an' say "hullo!"

S. W. Foss.

He Wanted to Know.

He wanted to know how God made the worl'
Out er nothin' at all;
W'y he didn' make it square, like a block or a brick,
Stid er roun', like a ball;
How it managed to stay held up in the air,
An' w'y it didn't fall;
All sich kin' er things, above an' below,
He wanted to know.

He wanted to know who Cain had for a wife,
An' if the two fit;
Who hit Billy Paterson over the head,
If he ever got hit;

An' where Moses wuz w'en the candle went out,
An' if others were lit;
If he couldn' find these out, w'y his cake wuz all dough,
An' he wanted to know.

An' he wanted to know 'bout original sin,
An' about Adam's fall;
If the snake hopped aroun' on the end of his tail
Before doomed to crawl,
An' w'at would hev happened if Adam hedn' et
The ol' apple at all;
These ere kin' er things seemed ter fill him 'ith woe,
An' he wanted to know.

An' he wanted to know w'y some folks wuz good
An' some folks wuz mean;
W'y some folks wuz meddlin' an' some folks wuz fat,
An' some folks wuz lean,
An' some folks wuz very learned an' wise,
An' some folks dern green;
All these kin' er things they troubled him so
That he wanted to know.

An' so he fired conundrums aroun',
For he wanted to know;
An' his nice crop er taters did rot in the groun',
An' his cabbage wouldn't grow;

For it took so much time to ask questions like these,
He'd no time to hoe;
He wanted to know if these things were so,
Course he wanted to know.

An' his cattle they died, an' his horses grew sick,
'Cause they didn't hev no hay;
An' his creditors pressed him to pay up his bills,
But he'd no time to pay,
For he had to go roun' askin' questions, you know,
By night an' by day,
He'd no time to work, for they troubled him so,
An' he wanted to know.

An' now in the poor-house he travels aroun'
In jest the same way,
An' asks the same questions right over ag'in,
By night an' by day;
But he hain't foun' no fellow can answer 'em yit,
An' he's ol' an' he's grey;
But these same ol' conundrums they trouble him so
That he still wants to know.

S. W. Foss.

An Economical Man.

He lived on thirteen cents a day,—
  Ten cents for milk and cracker,
One cent for dissipation gay,
  And two cents for tobacco.
And if he wished an extra dish
He'd take his pole and catch a fish.

And if his stomach raised a war
  'Gainst his penurious habit,
He'd go and kill a woodchuck, or
  Assassinate a rabbit;
And thus he'd live in sweet content
On food that never cost a cent.

And, that he might lay by in bank
  The proceeds of his labour,
He'd happen round at meals, the crank!
  And dine upon his neighbour!
And then he'd eat enough to last
Until another day had passed.

He bought nor pantaloons nor vest,
  Nor rich, expensive jacket;
He had one suit—his pa's bequest—
  He thought would "stand the racket.'
He patched it thirty years, 'tis true,
And then declared 'twas good as new.

He owned but one suit to his back,
  And minus cuffs and collars.
He died, and left his nephew Jack
  Nine hundred thousand dollars!
And Jack he run this fortune through,
And only took a year or two.

S. W. Foss.

Then Ag'in.

JIM BOWKER, he said, ef he'd had a fair show,
And a big enough town for his talents to grow,
And the least bit assistance in hoein' his row,
  Jim Bowker, he said,

He'd filled the world full of the sound of his name,
An' clim the top round in the ladder of fame.
It may have been so;
I dunno;
Jest so, it might been,
Then ag'in—

But he had tarnal luck—everythin' went ag'in him,
The arrers of fortune they allus' 'ud pin him;
So he didn't get no chance to show off what was in him.
Jim Bowker, he said,
Ef he'd had a fair show, you couldn't tell where he'd come,
An' the feats he'd a-done, an' the heights he'd a-clum—
It may have been so;
I dunno;
Jest so, it might been,
Then ag'in—

But we're all like Jim Bowker, thinks I, more or less—
Charge fate for our bad luck, ourselves for success,
An' give fortune the blame for all our distress,
As Jim Bowker, he said,
Ef it hadn't been for luck an' misfortune an' sich,
We might a-been famous, an' might a-been rich.
It might be jest so;
I dunno;
Jest so, it might been,
Then ag'in—

S. W. Foss.

Shortem's Question.

YOUNG Shortem he has much to learn,
  And, though he's round and fat,
He stubs to everything he sees
  And points and says, "Wot's that?"
The trees, the grass, the sticks, the stones,
  The horse, the dog, the cat,
They all are wonders of the world,
  And so he asks, "Wot's that?"

Young Shortem sits upon my knee
  And in my knowledge basks;
In my omniscient wisdom I
  Can answer all he asks.
He thinks the fount of learning springs
  From just beneath my hat;
He comes right to the fountain head
  And asks and asks, "Wot's that?"

We all are Shortems larger grown
  Who roam with curious eye,
And when we cease to say, "What's that?"
  Why then it's time to die.
Life's baffling, endless mystery—
  We wonder much thereat;
Before the riddle of the world
  We only say, "What's that?"

The sages of the elder world,
  The thinkers of to-day,
All ask young Shortem's question in
  The same, old, curious way.
A million worlds whirl round their view,
  They wonder much thereat;
They stand in the immensities
  And only ask, "What's that?"

The mighty serial goes on
  With wonders manifold,
The story of the universe
  Will never all be told.
And through the great, eternal years
  We'll wonder much thereat,
Forever and forever ask,
  "What's that, what's that, what's that?"

S. W. Foss.

Sebastian Morey's Oration.

I MADE a speech the other day down to the County Fair:—
My wife sez I'm a norator; I guess I be, I swear.
For I bust out with elerkunce so full, an' strong, an' rich,
Thet I jest beat Bob Ingersoll an' Sissero an' sich!

I've speechified town-meetin' days an' made consid'ble
noise,
An' stirred the waters of debate an' edified the boys;
An' I hev howled at korkusses an' made the Mugwumps
r'ar—
But my tongue wuz greased with glory down there to the
County Fair!

The Gov'nor spoke a purty speech, without much gush
an' frothin',
Our Congressman he tried to spread, but didn't say much
er nothin',
Deacon Jones he made 'em tired, all the folks begun to go,
Then I heerd Squire Plummer whisper: "Let ol' Hay-
seed hev a show."

This kinder got my dander riz; by gosh, the shots I sent!
I filled my lungs, onhitched my jaw, an' then I let her
went!
The people thought a thunderbolt had bust an' cracked
the air
W'en my unmuzzled elerkunce went tearin' thro' the Fair!

Why, my lips seemed wet with frankincense an' honey
mixed with spice,
An' ile scraped from the hinges of the gates of paradise;

An' thet ol' wooden platform at the Chester County Fair
Seemed the ridge-pole of creation w'ile I wuz spoutin' there.

Why! cataracts an' cyclones seemed whirlin' in my brain,
An' all mixed up with waterspouts an' winds an' harry-cane;
My tongue it seemed a fiddle on w'ich whirlwinds played their tunes,
An' ol' St. Paul's Euroclydon, tornadoes an' typhoons!

My hair riz up, my coat tails waved like banners of the free,
My eyes they squirted lightnin' until I couldn't see!
I flapped my hands like eagles' wings a-soarin' up on high;
My arms swung roun' the firmamunt, my whiskers swep' the sky!

When I sot down the air it biled, the people cheered and cried;
The Durham bull he give one blart, stretched out his hoofs, an' died;
I poked Squire Plummer in the ribs till he wuz nearly kilt,
An' axed him: "How's ol' Hayseed now?" you ort to see him wilt!

S. W. Foss.

Husband and Heathen.

O'ER the men of Ethiopia she would pour her cornucopia,
And shower wealth and plenty on the people of Japan,
Send down jelly cake and candies to the Indians of the Andes,
And a cargo of plum pudding to the men of Hindoostan;
And she said she loved 'em so,
Bushman, Finn, and Eskimo.
If she had the wings of eagles to their succour she would fly
Loaded down with jam and jelly,
Succotash and vermicelli,
Prunes, pomegranates, plums and pudding, peaches, pineapples, and pie.

She would fly with speedy succour to the natives of Molucca
With whole loads of quail and salmon, and with tons of friccasee,
And give cake in fullest measure
To the men of Australasia
And all the Archipelagoes that dot the southern sea;
And the Anthropophagi,
All their lives deprived of pie,
She would satiate and satisfy with custards, cream, and mince;
And those miserable Australians
And the Borrioboorighalians,
She would gorge with choicest jelly, raspberry, currant, grape, and quince.

But like old war-time hardtackers, her poor husband
lived on crackers,
Bought at wholesale from a baker, eaten from the mantel-
shelf;
If the men of Madagascar,
And the natives of Alaska,
Had enough to sate their hunger, let him look out for
himself.
And his coat had but one tail
And he used a shingle nail
To fasten up his "gallus" when he went out to his work;
And she used to spend his money
To buy sugar-plums and honey
For the Terra del Fuegian and the Turcoman and Turk.

S. W. Foss.

The Rattle of the Dollar.

THE air it tastes like nectar oozed from Heaven's own
laboratory,
And the sunshine falls like ointment on the forehead
of a king,
When a man feels in his pocket, flushed with full
financial glory,
And he hears the nickels rattle, and he hears the
quarters ring.

Though the winter storms assault his path, and drift his way and block it,
In his heart he feels the sunshine of an endless summer-time,
For he listens to the music of the money in his pocket,
To the rattle of the dollar and the jingle of the dime.
The famous violinists,
And the fiddlers and cornettists,
And the mighty organ-players
Of every age and clime,
Make a slow and droning music,
Full of discord and of jangle,
When you match it with the rattle,
With the rattle of the dollar and the jingle of the dime.

Then the star of hope arises, and in glittering ascendance
It lights the rugged pathway and the labyrinth of gloom;
For we feel the swelling majesty of perfect independence,
And, though the universe is large, we shout, "More room! more room!"
The pangs of penury are hard, howe'er the sages talk it,
And poverty is perilous—the borderland of crime;
But there's courage in the clatter of the coin within your pocket,
In the rattle of the dollar and the jingle of the dime.
Like the music of King David
On the dulcimer and tabret;

On the harp whose strings were many,
In that old melodious time,
Is the music of the clinking
Of the jolly halves and quarters,
And the ringing, resonant rattle,
The rattle of the dollar and the jingle of the dime.

And the time we hope is coming when the millions and the masses
May hear this merry music with no interval between;
Life cease to be an endless quest for meal and for molasses,
And a long unanswered problem of coal and kerosene.
And we hear it in the distance—woe to him who tries to block it,
Tries to block the onward progress of the struggling march of time,
When all shall hear the music of the rattling of the pocket,
Hear the rattle of the dollar and the jingle of the dime.
And the patient wives and babies
Shall not starve for lack of money,
Shall not dress in rags and tatters
In that happy coming time;
For the world shall ring with music
Of a billion bulging pockets,
Each one ringing with the rattle,
With the rattle of the dollar and the jingle of the dime.

S. W. Foss.

Tellin' what the Baby did.

In the cosy twilight hid,
Tellin' what the baby did,
Sits Matilda every night,
'Twixt the darkness and the light.
Tells me in her cutest way
All the hist'ry of the day,
Gives it all; leaves nothin' hid,
Tellin' me what the baby did.

Beats the whole decline an' fall
Of the Roman Empire. Gol!
William Shakespeare never hed
Cuter thoughts than baby said.
An' he hez, to sing his thoughts,
Sweeter words than Isaac Watts.
Tildy, she leaves nothin' hid
Tellin' me what the baby did.

Pooty hard schoolmarm is Fate
To her scholars, small and great;
I hev felt upon my han'
Tingle of her sharp rattan;
But she pities our distress,
An' she gives a glad recess
When Matilda sits, half-hid,
Tellin' what the baby did.

Trudge off with my dinner-pail
Every mornin' without fail;
Work, with hardly time for breath;
Come home, tired half to death;
But I feel a perfect rest
Settle down upon my breast,
Settin', by the twilight hid,
Hearin' what the baby did.

Sometimes I cannot resist,
An' I shake my doubled fist
In the face of fate, and swear,
"You don't treat a fellow fair!"
Then, when I go home at night,
My whole system full of fight,
Tildy, she sits there, half-hid,
Tellin' what the baby did.

Then I jest make up with fate,
An' my happiness is great;
But if fate should lay its han'
On that baby, understan',
Through the worl' I'd sulk apart,
With red murder in my heart;
If she sat no more half-hid,
Tellin' what the baby did.

S. W. Foss.

Old Grimes.

OLD Grimes is dead: that good old man
We never shall see more:
He used to wear a long black coat,
All button'd down before.

His heart was open as the day;
His feelings all were true:
His hair was some inclined to grey—
He wore it in a queue.

Whene'er he heard the voice of pain,
His breast with pity burn'd:
The large round head upon his cane
From ivory was turn'd.

Kind words he ever had for all;
He knew no base design:
His eyes were dark and rather small,
His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind,
In friendship he was true:
His coat had pocket-holes behind,
His pantaloons were blue.

Unharm'd, the sin which earth pollutes,
He pass'd securely o'er,
And never wore a pair of boots
For thirty years or more.

But good old Grimes is now at rest,
Nor fears Misfortune's frown:
He wore a double-breasted vest—
The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,
And pay it its desert:
He had no malice in his mind,
No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse—
Was sociable and gay:
He wore large buckles on his shoes,
And changed them every day.

His knowledge hid from public gaze,
He did not bring to view,
Nor make a noise town-meeting days,
As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw
In trust to fortune's chances,
But lived (as all his brothers do)
In easy circumstances.

Then undisturb'd by anxious cares,
  His peaceful moments ran;
And everybody said he was
  A fine old gentleman.

ALBERT G. GREENE.

My Honey, My Love.

Hit's a mighty fur ways up de Far'well Lane,
My honey, my love!
You may ax Mr. Crow, you may ax Mr. Crane,
My honey, my love!
Dey'll make you a bow, en dey'll tell you de same,
My honey, my love!
Hit's a mighty fur ways fer to go in de night,
My honey, my love!
My honey, my love, my heart's delight—
My honey, my love!

Mister Mink, he creep twel he wake up de Snipe,
My honey, my love!
Mister Bull-Frog holler, Come a-light my pipe,
My honey, my love!

En de Pa'tridge ax, Ain't yo' peas ripe?
My honey, my love!
Better not walk erlong dar much atter night,
My honey, my love!
My honey, my love, my heart's delight—
My honey, my love!

De Bully-Bat fly mighty close ter de groun',
My honey, my love!
Mister Fox, he coax 'er, Do come down!
My honey, my love!
Mister Coon, he rack all 'roun' en 'roun',
My honey, my love!
In de darkes' night, oh, de nigger, he's a sight!
My honey, my love!
My honey, my love, my heart's delight—
My honey, my love!

Oh, flee, Miss Nancy, flee ter my knee,
My honey, my love!
'Lev'n big fat coons lives in one tree,
My honey, my love!
Oh, ladies all, won't you marry me?
My honey, my love!
Tu'n lef', tu'n right, we'ull dance all night,
My honey, my love!
My honey, my love, my heart's delight—
My honey, my love!

De big Owl holler en cry fer his mate,
My honey, my love!
Oh, don't stay long! oh, don't stay late!
My honey, my love!
Hit ain't so mighty fur ter de Good-Bye Gate,
My honey, my love!
Whar we all got ter go w'en we sing out de night,
My honey, my love!
My honey, my love, my heart's delight—
My honey, my love!

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

Dow's Flat. (1856.)

DOW'S FLAT. That's its name;
And I reckon that you
Are a stranger? The same?
Well, I thought it was true,—
For thar isn't a man on the river as can't spot the place at first view.

It was called after Dow,—
Which the same was an ass,—
And as to the how
Thet the thing kem to pass,—
Jest tie up your hoss to that buckeye, and sit ye down here in the grass.

You see this 'yer Dow
  Hed the worst kind of luck;
He slipped up somehow
  On each thing thet he struck.
Why, ef he'd a straddled thet fence-rail, the derned thing
  'ed get up and buck.

He mined on the bar
  Till he couldn't pay rates;
He was smashed by a car
  When he tunnelled with Bates;
And right on the top of his trouble kem his wife and five
  kids from the States.

It was rough,—mighty rough;
  But the boys they stood by,
And they brought him the stuff
  For a house, on the sly;
And the old woman,—well, she did washing, and took
  on when no one was nigh.

But this 'yer luck of Dow's
  Was so powerful mean
That the spring near his house
  Dried right up on the green;
And he sunk forty feet down for water, but nary a drop
  to be seen.

Then the bar petered out,
And the boys wouldn't stay;
And the chills got about,
And his wife fell away;
But Dow in his well kept a-peggin' in his usual ridikilous way.

One day,—it was June,—
And a year ago, jest,—
This Dow kem at noon
To his work like the rest,
With a shovel and pick on his shoulder, and a derringer hid in his breast.

He goes to the well,
And he stands on the brink,
And stops for a spell
Jest to listen and think:
For the sun in his eyes (jest like this, sir!), you see, kinder made the cuss blink.

His two ragged gals
In the gulch were at play,
And a gownd that was Sal's
Kinder flapped on a bay:
Not much for a man to be leavin', but his all,—as I've heer'd the folks say.

And—That's a peart hoss
Thet you've got,—ain't it now?
What might be her cost?
Eh? Oh!—Well, then, Dow—
Let's see,—well, that forty-foot grave wasn't his, sir, that day, anyhow.

For a blow of his pick
Sorter caved in the side,
And he looked and turned sick,
Then he trembled and cried.
For you see the dern cuss had struck—"Water?"—Beg your parding, young man,—there you lied!

It was *gold*,—in the quartz,
And it ran all alike;
And I reckon five oughts
Was the worth of that strike;
And that house with the coopilow's his'n,—which the same isn't bad for a Pike.

Thet's why it's Dow's Flat;
And the thing of it is
That he kinder got that
Through sheer contrairiness:
For 'twas *water* the derned cuss was seekin', and his luck made him certain to miss.

Thet's so! Thar's your way,
To the left of yon tree;
But—a—look h'yur, say?
Won't you come up to tea?
No? Well, then the next time you're passin'; and ask after Dow,—and thet's *me*.

BRET HARTE.

"Jim."

SAY there! P'r'aps
Some on you chaps
Might know Jim Wild?
Well,—no offence:
Thar ain't no sense
In gittin' riled!

Jim was my chum
Up on the Bar:
That's why I come
Down from up yar,
Lookin' for Jim.
Thank ye, sir! *you*
Ain't of that crew,—
Blest if you are!

Money?—Not much;
That ain't my kind:
I ain't no such.
Rum?—I don't mind,
Seein' it's you.

Well, this yer Jim,
Did you know him?—
Jess 'bout your size;
Same kind of eyes;—
Well, that is strange:
Why, it's two year
Since he came here,
Sick, for a change.

Well, here's to us:
Eh?
The h—— you say!
Dead?—
That little cuss?

What makes you star,—
You over thar?
Can't a man drop
's glass in yer shop
But you must rar'?
It wouldn't take
D—— much to break
You and your bar.

Dead!
Poor—little—Jim!
Why, thar was me,
Jones, and Bob Lee,
Harry and Ben,—
No-account men:
Then to take *him!*

Well, thar—Good-by,—
No more, sir,—I—
Eh?
What's that you say?—
Why, dern it!—sho!—
No? Yes! By Jo!
Sold!
Sold! Why, you limb,
You ornery,
Derned old
Long-legged Jim!

BRET HARTE.

Plain Language from Truthful James.

Table Mountain, 1870.

WHICH I wish to remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark

And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name;
And I shall not deny,
In regard to the same,
What that name might imply;
But his smile it was pensive and childlike,
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third,
And quite soft was the skies;
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise;
Yet he played it that day upon William
And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand:
It was Euchre. The same
He did not understand;
But he smiled as he sat by the table,
With the smile that was childlike and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
  In a way that I grieve,
And my feelings were shocked
  At the state of Nye's sleeve,
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
  And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
  By that heathen Chinee,
And the points that he made,
  Were quite frightful to see,—
Till at last he put down a right bower,
  Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
  And he gazed upon me;
And he rose with a sigh,
  And said, "Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labour,"—
  And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
  I did not take a hand,
But the floor it was strewed
  Like the leaves on the strand
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,
  In the game "he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-four packs,—
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts;
And we found on his nails, which were taper,
What is frequent in tapers,—that's wax.

Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,—
Which the same I am free to maintain.

BRET HARTE.

The Society upon the Stanislaus.

I RESIDE at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James;
I am not up to small deceit or any sinful games;
And I'll tell in simple language what I know about the row
That broke up our Society upon the Stanislow.

But first I would remark, that it is not a proper plan
For any scientific gent to whale his fellow-man,
And, if a member don't agree with his peculiar whim,
To lay for that same member to "put a head" on him.

Now nothing could be finer or more beautiful to see
Than the first six months' proceedings of that same Society,
Till Brown of Calaveras brought a lot of fossil bones
That he found within a tunnel near the tenement of Jones.

Then Brown he read a paper, and he reconstructed there,
From those same bones, an animal that was extremely rare;
And Jones then asked the Chair for a suspension of the rules,
Till he could prove that those same bones were one of his lost mules.

Then Brown he smiled a bitter smile, and said he was at fault,
It seemed he had been trespassing on Jones's family vault;
He was a most sarcastic man, this quiet Mr. Brown,
And on several occasions he had cleaned out the town.

Now I hold it is not decent for a scientific gent
To say another is an ass,—at least, to all intent;
Nor should the individual who happens to be meant
Reply by heaving rocks at him, to any great extent.

Then Abner Dean of Angel's raised a point of order, when
A chunk of old red sandstone took him in the abdomen,
And he smiled a kind of sickly smile, and curled up on the floor,
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.

For, in less time than I write it, every member did engage
In a warfare with the remnants of a palæozoic age;
And the way they heaved those fossils in their anger was a sin,
Till the skull of an old mammoth caved the head of Thompson in.

And this is all I have to say of these improper games,
For I live at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James;
And I've told in simple language what I knew about the row
That broke up our Society upon the Stanislow.

BRET HARTE.

Jim Bludso.

WALL, no! I can't tell whar he lives,
Because he don't live, you see;
Leastways, he's got out of the habit
Of livin' like you and me.
Whar have you been for the last three year
That you haven't heard folks tell
How Jemmy Bludso passed in his checks,
The night of the Prairie Belle?

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He weren't no saint,—them engineers
  Is all pretty much alike,—
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill,
  And another one here, in Pike;
A keerless man in his talk was Jim,
  And an awkward man in a row,
But he never flunked, and he never lied,—
  I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had,—
  To treat his engine well;
Never be passed on the river;
  To mind the pilot's bell;
And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire,
  A thousand times he swore,
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
  Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississip,
  And her day come at last,—
The Movastar was a better boat,
  But the Belle, she *wouldn't* be passed;
And so came tearin' along that night,—
  The oldest craft on the line,
With a nigger squat on her safety-valve,
  And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire bust out as she clared the bar,
  And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned, and made
  For that willer-bank on the right.
There was runnin' and cursin', but Jim yelled out
  Over all the infernal roar,
"I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
  Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot, black breath of the burnin' boat
  Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
  And knowed he would keep his word.
And, sure's you're born, they all got off
  Afore the smokestacks fell,—
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
  In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He weren't no saint,—but at jedgment
  I'd run my chance with Jim,
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
  That wouldn't shook hands with him.
He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing,—
  And went for it thar and then:
And Christ ain't agoin to be too hard
  On a man that died for men.

JOHN HAY.

On a Hymn-Book.

OLD hymn-book, sure I thought I'd lost you
In the days now long gone by;
I'd forgotten where I tossed you:
Gracious! how I sigh.

In the church a thin partition
Stood between her pew and mine;
And her pious, sweet contrition
Struck me as divine.

Yes, remarkably entrancing
Was she in her sable furs;
And my eyes were always glancing
Up, old book, to hers.

Bless you, very well she knew it,
And I'm sure she liked it too;
Once she whispered, "Please don't do it,"
But her eyes said, "Do."

How to speak—to tell my passion?
  How to make her think me true?
Love soon found a curious fashion,
  For he spoke through you.

How I used to search your pages
  For the words I wished to say;
And received my labour's wages
  Every Sabbath day.

Ah, how sweet it was to hand her
  You, with lines I'd marked when found!
And how well I'd understand her
  When she blushed and frowned.

And one day, old book, you wriggled
  From my hand and, rattling, fell
Upon the floor; and she—she giggled,
  Did Miss Isabel.

Then when next we met out walking,
  I was told in fearful tones,
How she'd got a dreadful talking
  From the Reverend Jones.

Ah me! *No* man could resist her
  In those sweet and buried years,
So I think—I think I kissed her,
  Just to stop her tears.

Jones I gave a good sound chaffing;
Called his sermons dry as bones;
Soon fair Isabel was laughing—
Said she hated Jones.

It was after that I lost you,
For I needed you no more;
Somewhere—anywhere I tossed you
On a closet floor.

Reverend Samuel still preaches;
Isabel her past atones;
In his Sunday-school she teaches—
Mrs. Samuel Jones.

W. J. HENDERSON.

The Blue-Stocking's Answer

YOU'VE talked of the source of Euphrates (she said),
And of Thebes with her myriad gates,
You've told me the story of Carthage entire,
And sprinkled your visits with dates;
The history of England repeated in full,
Magna Charta, corn laws, and stamp acts,
Till I've sometimes thought that your brain must be
Solidified grey pulp of facts.

Binomial theorem seemed (she said)
  Quite simple when you made it clear;
Computation of error of compass (she said)
  Was a problem for you without fear;
You've talked very well of the steering of ships,
  Of the course and the distance made good;
And proved with a microscope, once and again,
  The presence of microbes in food.

Of Critique of Reason by dead and gone Kant,
  Of Logic of Hume and of Locke,
Of monadic theory Leibnitz (she said)
  You've served me up daily a stock.
You've shown me the Whereness and Whatness of Which,
  And likewise the Whyness of Whom,
Till I've wondered how ever in such a short man
  Memory so long could find room.

And finally, early last evening (she said)
  You mapped out the heavens for me,
So that Alpha and Beta, and Vega of Lyre,
  And Jupiter's suns I could see.
A binary system you then pointed out,
  Two stars ever joined in the blue;
And asked me if I didn't think it were well
  Such a system were made of us two.

And here is the answer I give you (she said):
You've fed me on other men's brains,
With dry-as-dust facts, by hard study acquired;
Ma foi! You're a fool for your pains;
You can't win a woman with learning (she said),
There's something she prizes above;
I knew all the things that you talked of before:
Why didn't you tell me of—LOVE?

W. J. HENDERSON.

When Ethel Talked.

WHEN Ethel talked across the crimson sea of plush,
From which her shoulders rose as sunlight fair,
Her voice was sweeter than the notes of wren or thrush—
When Ethel talked.

Forgotten then the sainted maiden Elsa's prayer,
Lost to my soul entranced the rich harmonious gush
Of muted strings and sighing flutes; my heart was there.

To Ethel's box, with passionate and unchecked rush,
It flew upon the viewless wings of Love's sweet air;
But some unshackled Wagnerite cried loudly, "Hush!"
When Ethel talked.

W. J. HENDERSON.

The Deacon's Masterpiece;

Or, The Wonderful "One-Hoss Shay."

A Logical Story.

HAVE you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it—ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened without delay,
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits,—
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five.
Georgius Secundus was then alive,—
Stuffy old drone from the German hive.
That was the year when Lisbon-town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible Earthquake-day
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot,—
In hub, tyre, or felloe, in spring or thill,
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,

In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace,—lurking still,
Find it somewhere you must and will,—
Above or below, or within or without,—
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
A chaise *breaks down*, but does n't *wear out*.

But the Deacon swore, (as Deacons do,
With an "I dew vum" or an "I tell *yeou*")
He would build one shay to beat the taown
'n' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
It should be so built that it *couldn'* break daown:
—"Fur," said the Deacon, "'t 's mighty plain
Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;
'n' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
Is only jest
T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That could n't be split nor bent nor broke,—
That was for spokes and floor and sills;
He sent for lancewood to make the thills;
The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees,
The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like these;
The hubs of logs from the "Settler's ellum,"—
Last of its timber,—they could n't sell 'em,

Never an axe had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips,
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips;
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tyre, axle, and linchpin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
Found in the pit when the tanner died.
That was the way he "put her through."—
"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she'll dew!"

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less!
Colts grew horses, beards turned grey,
Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
Children and grandchildren—where were they?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-day!

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED;—it came and found
The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.
Eighteen hundred increased by ten;—
"Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.
Eighteen hundred and twenty came;—
Running as usual; much the same.
Thirty and forty at length arrive,
And then came fifty and FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer.
In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
(This is a moral that runs at large;
Take it.—You're welcome.—No extra charge.)

First of November—The Earthquake-day—
There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,
A general flavour of mild decay,
But nothing local, as one may say.
There could n't be—for the Deacon's art
Had made it so like in every part
That there was n't a chance for one to start;
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whipple-tree neither less nor more,
And the back-crossbar as strong as the fore,
And spring and axle and hub *encore*.
And yet, *as a whole* it was past a doubt
In another hour it would be *worn out!*

First of November, 'Fifty-five!
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,

Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
"Huddup!" says the parson.—Off went they.
The parson was working his Sunday's text
Had got to the *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed
At what the—Moses—was coming next.
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.
—First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill,—
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house clock,—
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!
—What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground!
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once,—
All at once, and nothing first,—
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
Logic is logic. That's all I say.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Contentment.

"Man wants but little here below."

LITTLE I ask; my wants are few;
I only wish a hut of stone,
(A *very plain* brown stone will do,)
That I may call my own;—
And close at hand is such a one,
In yonder street that fronts the sun.

Plain food is quite enough for me;
Three courses are as good as ten;—
If Nature can subsist on three,
Thank Heaven for three. Amen!
I always thought cold victual nice;—
My *choice* would be vanilla-ice.

I care not much for gold or land;—
Give me a mortgage here and there,—
Some good bank-stock,—some note of hand,
Or trifling railroad share;—
I only ask that Fortune send
A *little* more than I shall spend.

Honours are silly toys, I know,
And titles are but empty names;
I would, *perhaps*, be Plenipo,—
But only near St. James;—
I 'm very sure I should not care
To fill our Gubernator's chair.

Jewels are baubles; 'tis a sin
To care for such unfruitful things;—
One good-sized diamond in a pin,—
Some, *not so large*, in rings,—
A ruby, and a pearl, or so,
Will do for me;—I laugh at show.

My dame should dress in cheap attire;
(Good, heavy silks are never dear;)—
I own perhaps I *might* desire
Some shawls of true Cashmere,—
Some narrowy crapes of China silk,
Like wrinkled skins on scalded milk.

I would not have the horse I drive
So fast that folks must stop and stare;
An easy gait—two, forty-five—
Suits me; I do not care;—
Perhaps, for just a *single spurt*,
Some seconds less would do no hurt.

Of pictures, I should like to own
  Titians and Raphaels three or four,—
I love so much their style and tone,—
  One Turner, and no more,
(A landscape,—foreground golden dirt;
The sunshine painted with a squirt.)

Of books but few,—some fifty score
  For daily use, and bound for wear;
The rest upon an upper floor;—
  Some *little* luxury *there*
Of red morocco's gilded gleam,
And vellum rich as country cream.

Busts, cameos, gems,—such things as these,
  Which others often show for pride,
I value for their power to please,
  And selfish churls deride;—
One Stradivarius, I confess,
Two Meerschaums, I would fain possess.

Wealth's wasteful tricks I will not learn
  Nor ape the glittering upstart fool;—
Shall not carved tables serve my turn,
  But *all* must be of buhl?
Give grasping pomp its double share,—
I ask but *one* recumbent chair.

Thus humble let me live and die,
  Nor long for Midas' golden touch;
If Heaven more generous gifts deny,
  I shall not miss them *much*,—
Too grateful for the blessing lent
Of simple tastes and mind content!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

The First Sermon.

THERE were murmurings in Bismarck,
  When the dealer of a bank
Announced that Parson Miller
  Had brought his gospel tank.

And the mutterings grew louder,
  When a sign made it appear
That, "Instead of faro, Sunday,
  There'll be Bible banging here!"

For the good folk of Dakota
  Had peculiar notions of
The uses of the Sabbath,
  And the doctrines of God's love;

And they held it an infraction
  Of their rights, when some one came
To burst their calculations, and
  Break up the Sunday game.

They had a simple kind of faith
  That God looked after him
Who had the biggest stack of chips,
  And may have had a grim,

Peculiar notion that there was
  Some power above them all,
That helped protect the honest man
  Who failed to make a haul.

Still, whether it was worth while
  For some one to come in
Asking special intervention
  For those who couldn't win,

Seemed to somewhat tear the town up,
  And opinions differed wide,
Till Mr. Dennis Hannafin
  Went on the Parson's side.

And then the aspect altered,
  And the citizens agreed
That he who raised objection
  Should be taken out and treed.

The Sunday came, as Sundays will,
  Though men be good or bad,
And never congregation was
  Like that the Parson had.

The faro-table did the task
  Of pulpit. Each man sat
Provided well with chips against
  The passing of the hat.

For they felt they owed a duty
  To the place, as well as God,
So they patronised the banker,
  Ere they passed beneath the rod.

There may be better sermons
  Than the trembling Parson brought,
Far more replete with poetry
  And gleaming gems of thought;

But the honest man did nobly,
  Though he played the hand alone,
For he preached some good religion,
  And—the sermon was his own.

He told them of a coming time
When chips must be passed in,
And begged them that they play so they
Stood solidly to win.

He told them of that fearful game
Of agony and doubt,
In which God's foes chipped in the world
And Jesus raised them out.

And the congregation listened,
With spirits somewhat dashed,
As he pointed out the higher Bank
Where human souls are cashed.

Finally he closed and said
He had a little whim:
He wanted them to sing, and more
Than that, select the hymn.

It is a solemn rule among
The people of that band,
Whatever game may be proposed
To always take a hand.

So they braced up for a struggle,
Though it was a novel thing,
And after consultation,
They started in to sing.

Perhaps no church collection
  Contains the hymn they sang,
For they only knew "Whoa, Emma,"
  And the very bottles rang.

But there was a tone of earnestness
  And feeling in the roar,
That very few set songs of praise
  Had ever known before.

And the Parson understood it,
  And had but little care,
For he heard a something rising
  Above the words and air.

And when a sheepish gentleman
  Betook him to explain,
The Parson turned him down, and asked
  To hear the hymn again.

And once again "Whoa, Emma!" raised
  The lid from off the stove,
And echoed from the bottles to
  The Golden Bar above.

Which occasioned Mr. Hannafin
  To hazard the remark,
That if the angels liked good music,
  To cheese their own and hark.

And then the Parson's battered hat
  Was passed among those wrecks,
And silently the poorest even,
  Anteed up their checks.

The Parson, all bewildered, asked
  What he should do with those,
And learned that he might play 'em in,
  Or cash 'm as he chose.

And Mr. Hannafin agreed,
  In case they were played in,
To take the look-out chair himself,
  And double-bank a skin;

While if the Parson wanted cash,
  Why, waltz right up and plank;
For chips for cash and cash for chips,
  Was how he ran that bank.

That was the first religion
  Ever preached in Bismarck town;
And now three goodly churches
  That early effort crown.

And each faro-table has a slit,
  In which each man has got
To drop a part of what he wins,
  Which slit is called "God's Pot."

And though, perhaps, religion
  Don't make a heavy pull
Upon the lives of those who play,
  The "Pot" is always full.

And, possibly, some future day,
  When checks are all cashed in,
The men who built those churches
  Will find they stand to win.

STANLEY HUNTLEY.

Ol' Pickett's Nell.

FEEL more 'an ever like a fool
Sence Pickett's Nell come back from school.
She oncet wuz twelve 'nd me eighteen
('Nd better friends you never seen);
  But now—oh, my!
She's dressed so fine, 'nd growed so tall,
'Nd l'arnin'—she jes knows it all.
She's eighteen now, but I'm so slow
I'm whar I wuz six year ago.

Six year! Waal, waal! doan't seem a week
Sence we rode Dolly to th' creek,
'Nd fetched th' cattle home at night,
Her hangin' to my jacket tight.
But now—oh, my!
She rides in Pickett's new coopay
Jes like she'd be'n brung up thet way,
'Nd lookin' like a reg'lar queen—
Th' mostest like *I* ever seen.

She uster tease, 'nd tease, 'nd tease
Me fer to take her on my knees;
Then tired me out 'ith Marge'y Daw,
'Nd laffin' tell my throat wuz raw.
But now—oh, my!
She sets up this way—kinder proud,
'Nd never noways laughs out loud.
You w'u'd n't hardly think thet she
Had ever see-sawed on *my* knee.

'Nd sometimes, ef at noon I'd choose
To find a shady place 'nd snooze,
I'd wake with burdocks in my hair
'Nd elderberries in my ear.
But now—oh, my!
Somebody said ('t wus yesterday):
"Let's hev some fun w'ile Ned's away;
Let's turn his jacket inside out!"
But Nell—she'd jes turn red 'nd pout.

'Nd oncet when I wuz dreamin'-like,
A-throwin' akerns in th' dike,
She put her arms clean round my head,
'Nd whispered soft, "I like you, Ned;"
But now—oh, my!
She curteseyed so stiff 'nd grand,
'Nd never oncet held out her hand,
'Nd called me "Mister Edward!" Laws!
Thet ain't my name, 'nd never wuz.

'Nd them 'at knowed 'er years ago
Jes laughed t' see 'er put on so;
Coz it wuz often talked, 'nd said,
"Nell Pickett's jes cut out fer Ned."
But now—oh, my!
She held her purty head so high,
'Nd skasely saw me goin' by—
I w'u'd n't dast (afore last night)
A-purposely come near her sight.

Last night!—Ez I wuz startin' out
To git th' cows, I heerd a shout;
'Nd, sure ez ghostses, she wuz thar,
A-settin on ol' Pickett's mar';
'Nd then—oh, my!
She said she'd cried fer all th' week
To take th' ol' ride to th' creek;
Then talked about ol' times, 'nd said,
"Them days wuz happy, wa'n't they, Ned?"

Th' folks wuz talkin' ev'rywhars
'Bout her a-puttin' on sech airs,
'Nd seemed t' me like they wuz right,
Afore th' cows come home last night.
But now—oh, my!

. . . . . .

MATHER DEAN KIMBALL.

Ye Wild Western Man.

HE was a wild, wild, Western man,
And brash as he could be;
His heart was bullock-big, his laugh
Rang forth right boastingly;
He talked of mines and millions
In the most off-handed style,
And the ending of each sentence was:
"Come, stranger, let us smile."

He talked of herds of cattle—
More than ranchmen ever dreamt;
Spoke of Indians and grizzly
With the most supreme contempt;

Had scaled the snow-capped Sierras,
And swam the Golden Gate;
Had tramped across the desert, and—
"'Tis time to irrigate."

He laughed to scorn the cowboys,
Had laid many a Greaser cold,
And would wrestle with a cyclone
If 'twould give him under-hold;
Had shook hands with an earthquake,
With Wild Bill drunk many a cup,
Had climbed the tallest redwood, but—
"Twas well to set 'em up."

Had distanced prairie fire,
Peeped o'er volcano's rim,
And snow avalanche from the mountain
No terrors had for him;
He just enjoyed tornadoes,
Called calm the wind's wild revels,
Didn't mind stampeding horses, but—
"Come, flood your lower levels."

Had bucked against the tiger,
Knew poker to the life,
Always held four—a winning hand—
Three aces and a knife;

Loved to snap heads off the rattlesnakes,
  Thought scorpion salad great,
And centipede on toast the thing, but—
  "Won't you lubricate?"

Found whisky mildly pleasant,
  But was inclined to think
Aqua fortis would be better
  To take for a steady drink;
Never knew much of water,
  Though it might be of use,
And loved to fill his gulches
  With "tarantula juice."

He hadn't much religion—
  At least not much to spare—
Though it was "drinking on the level
  And fighting on the square;"
And when laid low by a bullet
  He called out to his mate,
"I reckon this is the last round,
  And I will take mine straight."

Attributed to WYOMING KIT.

The Cowboy's Tale.

"ARE there no real good Injuns?"
  The cowboy raised his head,
And, glancing at the Tenderfoot,
  He turned to him and said:
"I rode the prairies, pardner,
  Ten years in rain or sun,
But, as to real good Injuns,
  I ain't met more'n one.
A swig o' that horse liniment,
  And then I'll try to place
This A1 virtuous redskin
  That for goodness trumps the ace.
'Twas at the bar at Mack's Ford,
  A lot of boys one day
Got making things quite lively
  In a ball and cartridge way.
I banged around about me,
  And didn't count the odds—
I'd been soakin' electricity
  Like fifty lightning rods—
When suddenly the Sheriff
  And his gang came bounding down,
And the boys took to their cattle
  And dusted out o' town.
But something was the matter
  With my headworks, I daresay,

For I stumbled by the roadside,
And couldn't find my way.
And the next I can remember
It was night and pitchy black,
And I tried to strike the trail from there,
But couldn't hit a track;
And I was mighty dizzy,
And I felt I should have died,
When standing just before me
An Injun's shape I spied.
He held his hands out to me,
But didn't say a word!
And when I tried to hail him,
He neither spoke nor stirred.
And then I slipped in somehow
Between each sturdy arm,
And he let me down so gentle,
Without a bit o' harm.
And I lay there quite contented,
And slept until 'twas day,
And woke to find him watching
At my side the same old way.
So I climbed upon my uprights,
And a word I couldn't say,
But I looked the red man in the face.
And then—I sneaked away.
We parted. But as years pass by
I wonder more and more
If that wood Injun signpost stands
At Mack's tobacco store.

Attributed to WYOMING KIT.

The Ahkoond of Swat.

WHAT, what, what,
What's the news from Swat?
Sad news,
Bad news,
Comes by the cable led
Through the Indian Ocean's bed,
Through the Persian Gulf, the Red
Sea and the Med-
Iterranean—he's dead;
The Ahkoond is dead!

For the Ahkoond I mourn,
Who wouldn't?
He strove to disregard the message stern,
But he Ahkoodn't.
Dead, dead, dead:
(Sorrow, Swats!)
Swats wha hae wi' Ahkoond bled,
Swats whom he hath often led
Onward to a gory bed,
Or to victory,
As the case might be.
Sorrow, Swats!

Tears shed,
Shed tears like water.
Your great Ahkoond is dead!
That Swats the matter!

Mourn, city of Swat,
Your great Ahkoond is not
But lain 'mid worms to rot.
His mortal part alone, his soul was caught
(Because he was a good Ahkoond)
Up to the bosom of Mahound.
Though earthy walls his frame surround
(For ever hallowed be the ground!)
And sceptics mock the lowly mound
And say "He's now of no Ahkoond!"
His soul is in the skies—
The azure skies that bend above his loved
Metropolis of Swat.
He sees with larger, other eyes,
Athwart all earthly mysteries—
He knows what's Swat.

Let Swat bury the great Ahkoond
With a noise of mourning and
of lamentation!
Let Swat bury the great Ahkoond
With the noise of the mourning
of the Swattish nation!

Fallen is at length
Its tower of strength.
Its sun is dimmed ere it had nooned;
Dead lies the great Ahkoond,
The great Ahkoond of Swat
Is not!

GEORGE T. LANIGAN.

Dirge of the Moolla of Kotal,

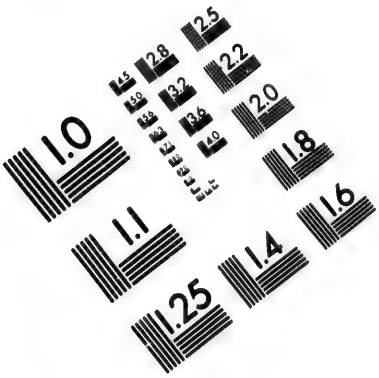
Rival of the Akhoond of Swat.

I.

ALAS, unhappy land; ill-fated spot
Kotal—though where or what
On earth Kotal is, the bard has forgot;
Further than this indeed he knoweth not—
It borders upon Swat!

II.

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battal-
Ions: the gloom that lay on Swat now lies
Upon Kotal,
On sad Kotal whose people ululate
For their loved Moolla late.



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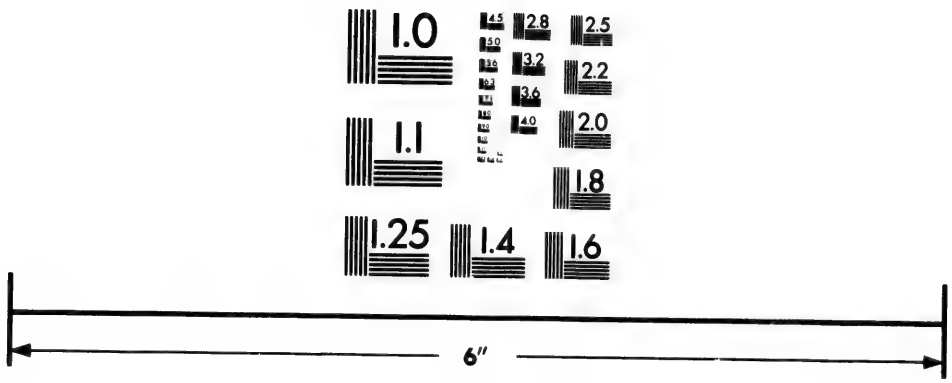

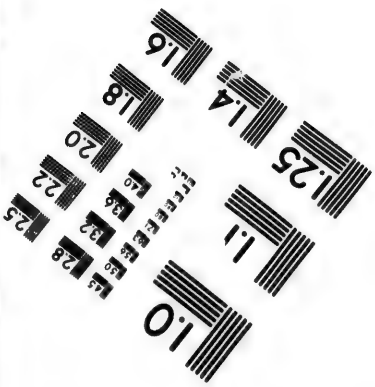

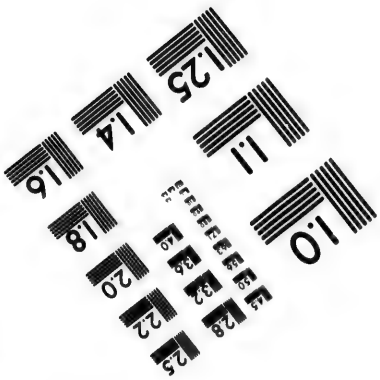

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Put away his little turban,
And his narghileh embrowned,
The lord of Kotal—rural urban—
'S gone unto his last Akhoond,
'S gone to meet his rival Swattan,
'S gone, indeed, but not forgotten.

III.

His rival, but in what?
Wherein did the deceased Akhoond of Swat
Kotal's lamented Moolla late,
As it were, emulate?
Was it in the tented field
With crash of sword on shield,
While backward meaner champions reeled
And loud the tom-tom pealed?
Did they barter gash for scar
With the Persian scimetar
Or the Afghanistee tulwar,
While loud the tom-tom pealed—
While loud the tom-tom pealed,
And the jim-jam squealed,
And champions less well heeled
Their war-horses wheeled
And fled the presence of these mortal big bugs o' the field?
Was Kotal's proud citadel—
Bastioned, walled, and demi-luned,

Beaten down with shot and shell
By the guns of the Akhoond?
Or were wails despairing caught, as
The burghers pale of Swat
Cried in panic, "Moolla ad Portas?"
—Or what?
Or made each in the cabinet his mark
Kotalese Gortschakoff, Swattish Bismarck?
Did they explain and render hazier
The policies of Central Asia?
Did they with speeches from the throne,
Wars dynastic,
Entents cordiales,
Between Swat and Kotal;
Holy alliances,
And other appliances
Of statesmen with morals and consciences plastic
Come by much more than their own?
Made they mots, as "There to-day are
No more Himalayehs,"
Or, if you prefer it, "There to-day are
No more Himalaya?"
Or, said the Akhoond, "Sah,
L'Etat de Swat c'est moi?"
Khabu, did there come great fear
On thy Khabuldozed Ameer
Ali Shere?
Or did the Khan of far
Kashgar
Tremble at the menace hot

Of the Moolla of Kotal,
"I will extirpate thee, pal
Of my foe the Akhoond of Swat?"
Who knows
Of Moolla and Akhoond aught more than I did?
Namely, in life they rivals were, or foes,
And in their deaths not very much divided?
If any one knows it,
Let him disclose it!

GEORGE T. LANIGAN.

The Amateur Orlando.

The Result of The Hunky Kid's playing Charles the Wrestler.

IT was an Amateur Dram. Ass.
(Kind reader, although your
Knowledge of French is not first-class,
Don't call that Amature.),
It was an Amateur Dram. Ass.,
The which did warfare wage
On the dramatic works of this
And every other age.

It had a walking gentleman,
A leading juvenile,
First lady in book-muslin dressed
With a galvanic smile;
Thereto a singing chambermaid,
Benignant heavy pa,
And, O heavier still was the heavy vill-
Ain, with his fierce "Ha! Ha!"

There wasn't an author from Shakespeare down
—Or up—to Boucicault,
These amateurs weren't competent
(S. Wagg) to collar and throw.
And when the winter time came round
—"Season" 's a stagier phrase—
The Am. Dram. Ass. assaulted one
Of the Bard of Avon's plays.

'Twas "As You Like It" that they chose,
For the leading lady's heart
Was set on playing *Rosalind*,
Or some other page's part.
And the President of the Am. Dram. Ass.,
A stalwart dry-goods clerk,
Was cast for *Orlando*, in which *rôle*
He felt he'd make his mark.

"I mind me," said the President
(All thoughtful was his face),
"When *Orlando* was taken by Thingummy
That *Charles* was played by Mace.
Charles hath not many lines to speak;
Nay, not a single length—
O, if we can find a Mussulman,
(That is, a man of strength),
And bring him on the stage as *Charles*—
But, alas, it can't be did——"
"It can," replied the Treasurer;
"Let's get The Hunky Kid."

This Hunky Kid, of whom they spoke,
Belonged to the P.R.;
He always had his hair cut short
And always had catarrh.
His voice was gruff, his language rough,
His forehead villainous low,
And 'neath his broken nose a vast
Expanse of jaw did show.
He was forty-eight about the chest,
And his fore-arm at the mid-
Dle measured twenty-one and a-half——
Such was The Hunky Kid!

The Am. Dram. Ass. they have engaged
This pet of the P.R.;
As *Charles the Wrestler*, he's to be
A bright particular star.

And when they put the programme out,
  Announce him thus they did,—
Orlando . . Mr. ROMEO JONES;
Charles . . Mr. T. H. KIDD.

. . . The night has come; the house is packed
  From pit to gallery;
As those who through the curtain peep
  Quake inwardly to see.
A squeak is in the orchestra,
  The leader draws across
Th' intestines of the agile cat
  The tail of the noble hoss.

All is at sea behind the scenes,
  Why do they fear and funk?
Alas, alas, The Hunky Kid
  Is lamentably drunk!
He's in that most unlovely stage
  Of half intoxication,
When men resent the hint they're tight
  As a personal imputation.

"Ring up! Ring up!" *Orlando* cried,
  "Or we must cut the scene;
For *Charles the Wrestler* is imbued

With poisonous benzine,
And every moment gets more drunk
Than he before has been."

. . . The wrestling scene has come, and *Charles*
Is much disguised in drink;
The stage to him's an inclined plane,
The footlights make him blink.
But he strives to act well his part
Where all the honour lies,
Though Shakespeare would not in his lines
His language recognise.
Instead of "Come, where is this young?"
This man of bone and brawn,
He squares himself and bellows, "Time!
Fetch your *Orlandos* on!"

"Now Hercules be thy speed, young man,"
Fair *Rosalind*, said she,
As the two wrestlers in the ring
They grappled furiously;
But *Charles the Wrestler* had no sense
Of dramatic propriety.

He seized on Mr. Romeo Jones,
In Graeco-Roman style;
He got what they call a grapevine lock
On that leading juvenile.

He flung him into the orchestra,
And the man with the ophicleide,
On whom he fell, he just said—well,
No matter what, and died!

When once the tiger has tasted blood,
And found that it is sweet,
He has a habit of killing more
Than he can possibly eat.
And thus it was that The Hunky Kid
In his homicidal blindness,
He lifted his hand against *Rosalind*
Not in the way of kindness.
He chased poor *Celia* off at L,
At R.U.E., *Le Beau*,
And he put such a head upon *Duke Fred*,
In fifteen seconds or so,
That never one of the courtly train
Might his haughty master know.

. . . . . .

And that's precisely what came to pass
Because the luckless carls
Belonging to the Am. Dram. Ass.
Cast The Hunky Kid for *Charles!*

GEORGE T. LANIGAN.

The Latest Version.

WHEN Washington was young, and not
  As yet his country's sire and saviour,
An Ax for him his father bought,
  Reward of excellent behaviour.

Well loving what he drank and ate,
  That father, in a corner handy,
A row of Cherry Trees had set,
  Suggesting Jam and Pie and Brandy.

Armed with his little Tomahawk,
  George to that orchard forth did sally,
And root and branch and leaf and stalk
  He mutilated generally.

His father, wild, though not with joy,
  To see his darling fruit trees wither,
Crooked his forefinger at his boy,
  And said to him, "Sirrah, come hither!"

Straightway to him the urchin hied,
  And, through the orchard as he ran, "Sir,
Axe me no questions," loudly cried,
  "And I will make no lying answer."

His father led him by the ear
To view his desolation's traces;
"Now, George," he said, in tones severe,
"Who's chopped that Cherry Tree to blazes?"

The boy an instant looks around,
And at that very moment hies ac-
Ross that meteory-haunted ground
The negro gardener, Ike or Isaac.

Brief space was his for thought; he saw,
Unless he fibbed, he'd surely catch it;
"I cannot tell a lie, papa!
Ike cut it with my little Hatchet!"

"My dear, dear child, come to my knees—
For I had infinitely rather
You lied like ten Tom Ochiltrees
Than spoiled them cherries," cried his father.

He placed the boy across his lap,
Nor thence did let him rise before he
Had an appeal, with leathern strap,
Made to his *a posteriori*.

And so when George was President,
And first in peace, and first in war, he,
Remembering this incident,
Lied no more than was necessary.

GEORGE T. LANIGAN.

Hans Breitmann's Barty.

HANS BREITMANN gife a barty;
  Dey had biano-blayin',
I felled in lofe mit a Merican frau,
  Her name vas Madilda Yane.
She hat haar as prown ash a pretzel,
  Her eyes vas himmel-plue,
Und vhen dey looket indo mine,
  Dey shplit mine heart in dwo.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,
  I vent dere you'll pe pound;
I valtzet mit Madilda Yane,
  Und vent shpinnen' round und round.
De pootiest Fraulein in de house,
  She vayed 'pout dwo hoondred pound,
Und efery dime she gife a shoomp
  She make de vindows sound.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,
  I dells you it cost him dear;
Dey rolled in more ash sefen kecks
  Of foost-rate lager beer.
Und vhenefer dey knocks de shpicket in
  De Deutschers gifes a cheer;
I dinks dat so vine a barty
  Nefer coom to a het dis year.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty;
  Dere all vas Souse and Brouse,
Vhen de soope comed in, de gompany
  Did make demselfs to house;
Dey ate das Brot and Gensy broost,
  De Bratwurst and Braten vine,
Und vash der Abendessen down
  Mit four parrels of Neckarwein.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty;
  Ve all cot troonk ash bigs.
I poot mine mout' to a parrel of beer,
  Und emptied it oop mit a schwigs;
Und den I gissed Madilda Yane,
  Und she shlog me on de kop,
Und the gompany vighted mit daple-lecks
  Dill de coonshtable made oos shtop.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty—
  Vhere ish dot barty now?
Vhere ish de lofely golden cloud
  Dot float on de moundain's prow?
Vhere ish de himmelstrahlende stern—
  De shtar of de shpirit's light?
All goned afay mit de lager beer—
  Afay in de Ewigkeit.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

Carey, of Carson.

THE night-mist dim and darkling,
  As o'er the roads we pass,
Lies in the morning sparkling
  As dewdrops on the grass.
E'en so the deeds of darkness,
  Which come like midnight dews,
Appear as sparkling items
  Next morning in the news.

Away in Carson city,
  Far in the Silver Land,
There lives one Justice Carey,
  A man of head and hand;
And as upon his table
  The Judge a-smoking sat
There rowdied in a rougher
  Who wore a gallows hat.

He looked upon the Justice,
  But the Justice did not budge
Until the younger warbled,
  "Say—don't you know me, Judge?"

"I think," said Carey meekly,
"Your face full well I know—
I sent you up for stealing
A horse a year ago."

"Ay, that is just the hair-pin
I am, and that's my line;
And here is twenty dollars
I've brought to pay the fine."
"You owe no fine," said Carey,
"Your punishment is o'er."
"Not yet," replied the rover,
"I've come to have some more.

"Fust-rate assault and batt'ry
I'm goin' to commit,
And you're the mournful victim
That I intend to hit,
And give you such a scrampin'
As never was, nohow;
And so, to save the lawin',
I guess I'll settle now."

Up rose the Court in splendour;
"Young man, your start is fair,
Sail in, my son, sail over,
And we will call it square!

Go in upon your chances,—
  Perhaps you may not miss;
I like to see young heroes
  Ambitionin' like this."

The young man at the older
  Went in with all his heft,
And, like a flying boulder,
  At once let out his left;
The Court, in haste, ducked under
  Its head uncommon spry,
Then lifted the intruder
  With a puncher in the eye,—

A regular right-hander;
  And like a cannon-ball,
The young man, when percussioned,
  Went over to the wall.
In just about a second
  The Court, with all its vim,
Like squash vines o'er the meadow,
  Went climbing over him.

Yea, as the pumpkin clambers
  Above an Indian grave,
Or as the Mississippi
  Inunders with its wave,

And merrily slops over
A town in happy sport,
E'en so that man was clambered
All over by the Court.

And in about a minute
That party was so raw,
He would have seemed a stranger
Unto his dearest squaw;
Till he was soft and tender,
This morsel once so tough,
And then, in sad surrender,
He moaned aloud, "Enough!"

He rose; and Justice Carey
Said to him ere he went,
"I do not think the fightin'
You did was worth a cent.
I charge for time two dollars,
As lawyers should, 'tis plain;
The balance of the twenty
I give you back again.

"I like to be obligin'
To folks with all my powers,
So when you next want fightin'
Don't come in office hours;

I only make my charges
  For what's in legal time,—
Drop in, my son, this evenin',
  And I'll not charge a dime."

The young man took the guerdon,
  As he had ta'en the scars;
Then took himself awayward
  To the 'Ginia City cars.
'Tis glorious when heroes
  Go in to right their wrongs;
But if you're only hair-pins,
  Oh, then beware of tongs!

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

The Coloured Fortune-Hunter.

PETE JONSING went to see the County Clerk
About a marriage licence, and the man
Said unto him for fun, but seriously:
"I hope the bride possesses fifty cents,
Because the Legislature's passed a law
That any girl with less must not be wed."

"Jis' go ahead wid dat 'ar paper, Boss,"
Peter replied; then whispered, bending down:
"Dar's rumers—and dey is reliable—
Dat de young woman dat I'm goin' fur
Has got two dollars and a quarter—*shoa.*
And dat's de reason wy I marries her."

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

"The Injun."

(An Incident in the Minnesota Massacre of 1862.)

YE say the Injuns all alike,
A bad an' sneakin' lot;
An' ain't no use for nuthin',
So the cusses should be shot?

Well, p'raps they is, an' p'raps they ain't,
A lazy, wuthless crowd;
Yet durn my skin ef I kin see
Why white men chin so loud.

Ef some o' them poor devils kicks
'Cause things ain't run quite squar',
An' jumps an Indian agent's ranch,
An' yanks his bloomin' har,

Thar' ain't no thought uv causes,
An' no one cares a cuss,
It's jes' call out the Blue Coats
An' give 'em somethin' wuss.

Thar's good an' bad in Injun,
An' thar's good an' bad in White;
But, somehow, they is allus wrong,
An' we is allus right.

But I'm an old, old timer,
I've jes' bin here so long,
That I kin mostly allus tell
The ones that's right an' wrong.

An' ye can bet yer sainted life,
When things get steamin' hot,
That some white fool or knave has lit
The fire that biles the pot.

Ye think the Injun isn't squar'?
That's jes' whar' ye mistake;
Fer bein' true to them that's true
The Injun scoops the cake.

Fer I kin tell ye what occurr'd,
Way back in 'sixty-two,
When things in Minnesota State
Wuz lookin' kinder blue.

The Sioux wuz up an' on the shoot
  A-slingin' round their lead,
An' scalpin' every mother's son
  That wuzn't bald or dead.

Thar' warn't a livin' Yankee—
  An' lots wuz brave an' bold—
That would have crossed them plains alone
  For a waggon load uv gold.

'Cause why? We know'd the Guv'ment
  Wuzn't treatin' Injuns fair;
That's why they riz an' painted things,
  An' raised the settlers' hair.

That summer a fur-trader
  Came up from Montreal,
An' on his way to Garry
  He landed at Saint Paul.

An' all the guides an' hunters said
  He couldn't cross the plains,
Fer them thar' painted devils
  Wuz layin' low fer trains.

He only laffed, and said, he know'd
  The Injuns all his life,
An' he wuz goin' to mosey through
  An' take along his wife.

An' she, you bet, wuz plucky,
  An' said she'd go along,
Fer Injuns only went fer them
  As allus done 'em wrong.

Now I should smile, 'twuz riskey—
  An' all the fellers sed
The chances of their gettin' through
  Warn't wuth an ounce uv lead.

But sure's yer born they started
  Right out the northern trail,
Aboard a praree schooner,
  With a Texan steer fer sail.

An' right a-top that creekin' cart,
  Upon the highest rack,
That trader nailed a bloomin' rag—
  An English Union Jack.

So thar' he'd gone an' done it,
  Es stubborn as a mule;
An' knowin' fellers said we'd seen
  The last of that damn fool.

They wuzn't long upon the trail
  Before a band of Reds
Got on their tracks, an' foller'd up,
  A-goin' to shave their heads.

But when they seen that little flag
A-stickin' on that cart,
They jes' said, "Hudson Bay. Go on.
Good trader with good heart!"

An' when they struck the river,
An' took to their canoe,
'Twuz that thar' bit uv culler
That seen 'em safely through.

Fer thar' that cussed little rag
Went floatin' through the State—
A-flappin' in the face uv death,
An' smilin' right at fate.

That wuz the way them 'tarnal fools
Crossed them thar' blazin' plains,
An' floated down the windin' Red
Through waves with bloody stains.

What give that flag its virtoo?
What's thar' in red an' blue,
To make a man and woman dar'
What others daesn't do?

Jes' this—an' Injuns know'd it—
That whar' them cullers flew,
The men that lived beneath them
Wuz mostly straight an' true.

That when they made a bargain,
'Twuz jes' as strong an' tight
As if 't were drawn on sheep-skin
An' signed in black an' white.

That's how them Hudson traders done
Fer mor'n two hundred year;
That's why that trader feller crossed
Them plains without a fear.

An' jes' so long ez white men
Don't try some little game,
To euchre out the red man,
So long he'll act the same.

But when the men beneath that flag
Tries any monkey ways,
Then, good-bye, old time friendship,
For the Injuns goin' ter raise.

But jes' believe me, onst for all,
To them that treats him fair,
The Injun mostly allus wuz,
And is, and will be, square.

JOHN E. LOGAN.

What Mr. Robinson Thinks.

GUVENER B. is a sensible man;
He stays to his home an' looks arter his folks;
He draws his furrer ez straight ez he can,
An' into nobody's tater-patch pokes;
But John P.
Robinson, he
Sez he wunt vote for Guvener B.

My! ain't it terrible? Wut shall we du?
We can't never choose him, o' course,—that's flat;
Guess we shall hev to come round, (don't you?)
An' go in fer thunder an' guns, an' all that;
Fer John P.
Robinson, he
Sez he wunt vote for Guvener B.

Gineral C. is a dreffle smart man:
He's been on all sides that gives places or pelf;
But consistency still wus a part of his plan,—
He's ben true to *one* party,—and that is himself;—
So John P.
Robinson he
Sez he shall vote fer Gineral C.

Gineral C. goes in fer the war;
He don't vally principle more'n an old cud;
What did God make us raytional creeturs fer,
But glory an' gunpowder, plunder an' blood?
So John P.
Robinson, he
Sez he shall vote fer Gineral C.

We were gettin' on nicely up here to our village,
With good old idees o' wut's right an' wut ain't;
We kind o' thought Christ went agin war an' pillage,
An' that eppyletts worn't the best mark of a saint;
But John P.
Robinson, he
Sez this kind o' thing's an exploded idee.

The side of our country must ollers be took,
An' President Polk, you know, *he* is our country;
An' the angels thet writes all our sins in a book,
Puts the *debit* to him, an' to us the *per contry;*
An' John P.
Robinson, he
Sez this is his view o' the thing to a T.

Parson Wilbur he calls all these argimunts lies;
Sez they're nothin' on airth but just *fee, faw, fum;*
An' that all this big talk of our destinies
Is half on it ignorance, an' t'other half rum;
But John P.
Robinson, he
Sez it ain't no sech thing; an', of course, so must we.

Parson Wilbur sez *he* never heerd in his life
Thet th' Apostles rigged out in their swaller-tail coats,
An' marched round in front of a drum an' a fife
To git some on 'em office, an' some on 'em votes;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez they didn't know everythin' down in Judee.

Wal, it's a marcy we've got folks to tell us
The rights an' the wrongs o' these matters, I vow,—
God sends country lawyers, an' other wise fellers,
To start the world's team wen it gits in a slough;
Fer John P.
Robinson he
Sez the world'll go right, ef he hollers out Gee!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The Pious Editor's Creed.

I DU believe in Freedom's cause,
  Ez fur away ez Payris is;
I love to see her stick her claws
  In them infarnal Phayrisees;
It's wal enough agin a king
  To dror resolves an' triggers,—
But libbaty's a kind o' thing
  Thet don't agree with niggers.

I du believe the people want
  A tax on teas an' coffees,
Thet nothin' ain't extravygunt,—
  Purvidin' I'm in office;
Fer I hev loved my country sence
  My eye-teeth filled their sockets,
An' Uncle Sam I reverence,
  Partic'larly his pockets.

I du believe in *any* plan
  O' levyin' the taxes,
Ez long ez, like a lumberman,
  I git jest wut I axes:
I go free-trade thru thik an' thin,
  Because it kind o' rouses
The folks to vote,—an' keeps us in
  Our quiet custom-houses.

I du believe it's wise an' good
  To sen' out furrin missions,
Thet is, on sartin understood
  An' orthydox conditions;—
I mean nine thousan' dolls. per ann.,
  Nine thousan' more fer outfit,
An' me to recommend a man
  The place 'ould jest about fit.

I du believe in special ways
  O' prayin' an' convartin';
The bread comes back in many days,
  An' buttered, tu, fer sartin;
I mean in preyin' till one busts
  On wut the party chooses,
An' in convartin' public trusts
  To very privit uses.

I du believe hard coin the stuff
  For 'lectioneers to spout on;
The people's ollers soft enough
  To make hard money out on;
Dear Uncle Sam pervides fer his,
  An' gives a good-sized junk to all,—
I don't care *how* hard money is,
  Ez long ez mine's paid punctooal.

I du believe with all my soul
  In the great Press's freedom,
To pint the people to the goal,
  An' in the traces lead 'em;
Palsied the arm thet forges yokes
  At my fat contracts squintin',
An' withered be the nose thet pokes
  Inter the gov'ment printin'!

I du believe thet I should give
  Wut's his'n unto Cæsar,
Fer it's by him I move an' live,
  Frum him my bread an' cheese air;
I du believe thet all o' me
  Doth bear his superscription,—
Will, conscience, honour, honesty,
  An' things o' thet description.

I du believe in prayer an' praise
  To him thet hez the grantin'
O' jobs,—in everythin' thet pays,
  But most of all in CANTIN';
This doth my cup with marcies fill,
  This lays all thought o' sin to rest,—
I *don't* believe in princerple,
  But O, I *du* in interest.

I du believe in bein' this
  Or thet, ez it may happen
One way or t' other hendiest is
  To ketch the people nappin';
It ain't by princerples nor men
  My preudunt course is steadied,—
I scent wich pays the best, an' then
  Go into it baldheaded.

I du believe thet holdin' slaves
  Comes nat'ral tu a Presidunt,
Let 'lone the rowdedow it saves
  To hev a wal-broke precedunt;
Fer any office, small or gret,
  I couldn't ax with no face,
Without I'd ben, thru dry an' wet,
  Th' unrizzest kind o' doughface.

I du believe wutever trash
  'll keep the people in blindness—
Thet we the Mexicuns can thrash
  Right inter brotherly kindness,
Thet bombshells, grape, an' powder 'n' ball
  Air good-will's strongest magnets,
Thet peace, to make it stick at all,
  Must be druv in with bagnets.

In short, I firmly du believe
  In Humbug generally,
Fer it's a thing thet I perceive
  To hev a solid vally;
This heth my faithful shepherd ben,
  In pasturs sweet heth led me,
An' this'll keep the people green
  To feed ez they hev fed me.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

William Brown of Oregon.

THEY called him Bill, the hired man,
  But she, her name was Mary Jane,
  The Squire's daughter; and to reign
The belle from Ber-she-be to Dan
Her little game. How lovers rash
  Got mittens at the spelling school!
  How many a mute, inglorious fool
Wrote rhymes and sighed and died—mustache!

This hired man had loved her long,
  Had loved her best and first and last,
  Her very garments as she passed
For him had symphony and song.
So when one day with sudden frown
  She called him "Bill," he raised his head,
  He caught her eye and, faltering, said,
"I love you; and my name is Brown."

She fairly waltzed with rage; she wept;
  You would have thought the house on fire.
  She told her sire, the portly squire,
Then smelt her smelling-salts, and slept.
Poor William did what could be done;
  He swung a pistol on each hip,
  He gathered up a great ox-whip,
And drove toward the setting sun.

He crossed the great back-bone of earth,
  He saw the snowy mountains rolled
  Like mighty billows; saw the gold
Of awful sunsets; felt the birth
Of sudden dawn that burst the night
  Like resurrection; saw the face
  Of God and named it boundless space
Ringed round with room and shoreless light.

Her lovers passed. Wolves hunt in packs,
  They sought for bigger game; somehow
  They seemed to see above her brow
The forky sign of turkey tracks.
The teter-board of life goes up,
  The teter-board of life goes down,
  The sweetest face must learn to frown;
The biggest dog has been a pup.

O maidens! pluck not at the air;
  The sweetest flowers I have found
  Grow rather close unto the ground,
And highest places are most bare.
Why, you had better win the grace
  Of our poor cussed Af-ri-can,
  Than win the eyes of every man
In love alone with his own face.

At last she nursed her true desire.
  She sighed, she wept for William Brown,
  She watched the splendid sun go down
Like some great sailing ship on fire,
Then rose and checked her trunk right on;
  And in the cars she lunched and lunched,
  And had her ticket punched and punched,
Until she came to Oregon.

She reached the limit of the lines,
  She wore blue specs upon her nose,
  Wore rather short and manly clothes,
And so set out to reach the mines.
Her pocket held a parasol,
  Her right hand held a Testament,
  And thus equipped right on she went,
Went water-proof and water-fall.

She saw a miner gazing down,
  Slow stirring something with a spoon;
  "O, tell me true and tell me soon,
What has become of William Brown?"
He looked askance beneath her specs,
  Then stirred his cocktail round and round,
  Then raised his head and sighed profound,
And said, "He's handed in his checks."

Then care fed on her damaged cheek,
  And she grew faint, did Mary Jane,
  And smelt her smelling-salts in vain,
She wandered, weary, worn, and weak.
At last, upon a hill alone,
  She came, and there she sat her down;
  For on that hill there stood a stone,
And, lo! that stone read, "William Brown."

"O William Brown! O William Brown!
And here you rest at last," she said,
"With this lone stone above your head,
And forty miles from any town!
I will plant cypress trees, I will,
And I will build a fence around,
And I will fertilise the ground
With tears enough to turn a mill."

She went and got a hired man,
She brought him forty miles from town,
And in the tall grass squatted down
And bade him build as she should plan.
But cruel cow-boys with their bands
They saw, and hurriedly they ran
And told a bearded cattle man
Somebody builded on his lands.

He took his rifle from the rack,
He girt himself in battle pelt,
He stuck two pistols in his belt,
And, mounting on his horse's back,
He plunged ahead. But when they showed
A woman fair, about his eyes
He pulled his hat, and he likewise
Pulled at his beard, and chewed and chewed.

At last he gat him down and spake:
"O lady dear, what do you here?"
"I build a tomb unto my dear,
I plant sweet flowers for his sake."
The bearded man threw his two hands
Above his head, then brought them down
And cried, "Oh, I am William Brown,
And this the corner-stone of my lands!"

JOAQUIN MILLER.

That Gentle Man from Boston Town.

An Idyl of Oregon.

Two webfoot brothers loved a fair
Young lady, rich and good to see;
And oh, her black abundant hair!
And oh, her wondrous witchery!
Her father kept a cattle farm,
These brothers kept her safe from harm:

From harm of cattle on the hill;
  From thick-necked bulls loud bellowing
The livelong morning, loud and shrill,
  And lashing sides like anything;
From roaring bulls that tossed the sand
And pawed the lilies from the land.

There came a third young man. He came
  From far and famous Boston town.
He was not handsome, was not "game,"
  But he could "cook a goose" as brown
As any man that set foot on
The sunlit shores of Oregon.

This Boston man he taught the school,
  Taught gentleness and love alway,
Said love and kindness, as a rule,
  Would ultimately "make it pay."
He was so gentle, kind, that he
Could make a noun and verb agree.

So when one day the brothers grew
  All jealous and did strip to fight,
He gentle stood between the two,
  And meekly told them 'twas not right.
"I have a higher, better plan,"
Outspake this gentle Boston man.

"My plan is this: Forget this fray
About that lily hand of hers;
Go take your guns and hunt all day
High up yon lofty hill of firs,
And while you hunt, my loving doves,
Why, I will learn which one she loves."

The brothers sat the windy hill,
Their hair shone yellow, like spun gold,
Their rifles crossed their laps, but still
They sat and sighed and shook with cold.
Their hearts lay bleeding far below;
Above them gleamed white peaks of snow.

Their hounds lay couching, slim and neat;
A spotted circle in the grass.
The valley lay beneath their feet;
They heard the wide-winged eagles pass.
The eagle cleft the clouds above;
Yet what could they but sigh and love?

"If I could die," the elder sighed,
"My dear young brother here might wed."
"Oh, would to heaven I had died!"
The younger sighed with bended head.
Then each looked each full in the face,
Then each sprang up and stood in place.

"If I could die,"—the elder spake,—
"Die by your hand, the world would say
'Twas accident—; and for her sake,
Dear brother, be it so, I pray."
"Not that!" the younger nobly said;
Then tossed his gun and turned his head.

And fifty paces back he paced!
And as he paced he drew the ball;
Then sudden stopped and wheeled and faced
His brother to the death and fall!
Two shots ran wild upon the air!
But lo! the two stood harmless there!

An eagle poised high in the air;
Far, far below the bellowing
Of bullocks ceased, and everywhere
Vast silence sat all questioning.
The spotted hounds ran circling round,
Their red, wet noses to the ground.

And now each brother came to know
That each had drawn the deadly ball;
And for that fair girl far below
Had sought in vain to silent fall.
And then the two did gladly "shake,"
And thus the elder bravely spake:

"Now let us run right hastily
  And tell the kind schoolmaster all!
Yea! yea! and if she choose not me,
  But all on you her favours fall,
This valiant scene, till all life ends,
Dear brother, binds us best of friends."

The hounds sped down, a spotted line,
  The bulls in tall, abundant grass,
Shook back their horns from bloom and vine,
  And trumpeted to see them pass—
They loved so good, they loved so true,
These brothers scarce knew what to do.

They sought the kind schoolmaster out
  As swift as sweeps the light of morn;
They could but love, they could not doubt
  This man so gentle, "in a horn."
They cried: "Now whose the lily hand—
That lady's of this webfoot land?"

They bowed before the big-nosed man,
  That long-nosed man from Boston town;
They talked as only lovers can,
  They talked, but he could only frown;
And still they talked, and still they plead;
It was as pleading with the dead.

At last this Boston man did speak—
"Her father has a thousand ceows,
An hundred bulls, all fat and sleek;
He also has this ample heouse."
The brothers' eyes stuck out thereat
So far you might have hung your hat.

"I liked the looks of this big heouse—
My lovely boys, won't you come in?
Her father has a thousand ceows,
He also has a heap of tin.
The guirl? Oh yes, the guirl, you see—
The guirl, just neow she married me."

JOAQUIN MILLER.

Saratoga and the Psalmist.

THESE famous waters smell like—well,
Those Saratoga waters may
Taste just a little of the day
Of judgment; and the sulphur smell
Suggests, along with other things,
A climate rather warm for springs.

But restful as a twilight song,
The land where every lover hath
A spring, and every spring a path
To lead love pleasantly along,
Oh, there be waters, not of springs—
The waters wise King David sings.

Sweet is the bread that lovers eat
In secret, sang on harp of gold,
Jerusalem's high king of old.
"The stolen waters they are sweet!"
Oh, dear, delicious piracies
Of kisses upon love's high seas!

The old traditions of our race
Repeat for aye and still repeat;
The stolen waters still are sweet
As when King David sat in place,
All purple-robed and crowned in gold,
And sang his holy psalms of old.

Oh, to escape the scorching sun;
To seek these waters ever sweet;
To see her dip her dimpled feet
Where these delicious waters run—
To dip her feet, nor slip nor fall,
Nor stain her garment's hem at all;

Nor soil the whiteness of her feet,
Nor stain her whitest garment's hem—
Oh, singer of Jerusalem,
You sang so sweet, so wisely sweet!
Shake hands! shake hands! I guess you knew
For all your psalms, a thing or two.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

A Cincinnati Blue-Stocking.

How oily she is! how smiling when
She waddles along in her wonderful walk!
You hear her grunt when she turns to talk
To one of the wise and the wooing men.
She toddles, she puffs, like an engine shunt,
All Cincinnati is in that grunt.
Now, I say oil made her rich; but then,
She says she made it alone by the pen.

Oh, she is the wealthiest widow alive,
She is wooed by a thousand men;
A widow is she of forty and five,
And the relict of Septimus Boggs.
A widow is she, and she came to thrive
By making a corner in hogs—
By cornering all the pigs, and then,
She made her fortune, you see, by the pen.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

The New Doctor.

THROUGH the "Philadelphy" college he went in a
week,
He had lots of assurance—in other words, cheek,
And his manner of study was rather unique.
Yet the fact is,
After hearing the regular lectures, which stuck
To his mind like the rain on the back of a duck,
He got a diploma and instantly struck
For a practice.

A neighbourhood clear in the rear of the age,
Where a man was accepted at once as a sage
Who could show a diploma, he chose as his stage
Of endeavour.
And soon an old farmer, with plethoric purse,
Who had long been afflicted, but now had grown worse,
Was able to take a short ride—in a hearse,
Cured forever.

But he didn't go there, as he moodily said,
To cure hopeless cases and raise up the dead.
And he left for the side of an invalid's bed
Who was ailing

With pains in the back, and he gave him six pills
Intended for patients with ague or chills,
And the folks who resided just over the hills
Heard him wailing!

But, as fully two-thirds of the patients who call
On the doctor would mend with no doctor at all,
Our hero made friends 'mong the great and the small
And the wealthy.
And, learning the whims of the class who suppose
That there's health in the touch of a doctor's old clothes,
And who swallow some drugs if they bleed at the nose,
Kept them healthy.

PARMENAS MIX.

Accepted and Will Appear.

ONE evening while reclining
In my easy-chair, repining
O'er the lack of true religion, and the dearth of common sense,
A solemn visaged lady,
Who was surely on the shady
Side of thirty, entered proudly, and to crush me did commence:

"I sent a poem here, sir,"
Said the lady, growing fierce,
"And the subject which I'd chosen, you remember, sir, was 'Spring';
But, although I've scanned your paper,
Sir, by sunlight, gas, and taper,
I've discovered of that poem not a solitary thing."

She was muscular and wiry,
And her temper sure was fiery,
And I knew to pacify her I would have to—fib like fun.
So I told her ere her verses,
Which were great, had come to—bless us,
We'd received just sixty-one on "Spring," of which we'd printed one.

And I added, "We've decided
That they'd better be divided
Among the years that follow—one to each succeeding Spring.
So your work, I'm pleased to mention,
Will receive our best attention
In the year of nineteen-forty, when the birds begin to sing."

PARMENAS MIX.

He Came to Pay.

(After "The Aged Stranger," by Bret Harte.)

THE editor sat with his head in his hands
And his elbows at rest on his knees;
He was tired of the ever-increasing demands
On his time, and he panted for ease.
The clamour for copy was scorned with a sneer,
And he sighed in the lowest of tones:
"Won't somebody come with a dollar to cheer
The heart of Emanuel Jones?"

Just then on the stair-way a footstep was heard
And a rap-a-tap loud at the door,
And the flickering hope that had long been deferred
Blazed up like a beacon once more;
And there entered a man with a cynical smile
That was fringed with a stubble of red,
Who remarked, as he tilted a sorry old tile
To the back of an average head:

"I have come here to pay"—Here the editor cried:
"You're as welcome as flowers in spring!
Sit down in this easy arm-chair by my side,
And excuse me awhile till I bring
A lemonade dashed with a little old wine
And a dozen cigars of the best. * * *
Ah! Here we are! This, I assure you, is fine;
Help yourself, most desirable guest."

The visitor drank with a relish, and smoked
Till his face wore a satisfied glow,
And the editor, beaming with merriment, joked
In a joyous, spontaneous flow;
And then, when the stock of refreshments was gone,
His guest took occasion to say,
In accents distorted somewhat by a yawn,
"My errand up here is to pay——"

But the generous scribe, with a wave of the hand,
Put a stop to the speech of his guest,
And brought in a melon, the finest the land
Ever bore on its generous breast;
And the visitor, wearing a singular grin,
Seized the heaviest half of the fruit,
And the juice, as it ran in a stream from his chin,
Washed the mud of the pike from his boot.

Then, mopping his face on a favourite sheet
  Which the scribe had laid carefully by,
The visitor lazily rose to his feet
  With the dreariest kind of a sigh,
And he said, as the editor sought his address
  In his books to discover his due:
"I came here to pay—my respects to the press,
  And to borrow a dollar of you!"

PARMENAS MIX.

October.

THIS is old gold-stoled October,
  In its glowing flowing gown;
And its spirit, blithe and sober,
All the woodland's gay disrober,
  Turns the grasses gray and brown.
    Not a vestige
    Of the prestige
  Now remains of Summer's crown.

Through the wood the brooklet babbles
  In melodious unrest,
While the small boy coyly dabbles
In his neighbour's fruit, or scrabbles

Barefoot, free of hat and vest,
Like Terpsichore,
Up the hickory
For the ashen hornet's nest.

Through the valley, gloom-invaded,
Plaintively the redferns sigh,
While the shaded, jaded, faded
Ribbon grasses, zephyr-braided,
Are paraded far and nigh,
And the vesper
Hour sees Hesper
Like a scarf-pin deck the sky.

On the branch the leaf is curling
Like the caudal of a pug,
And a lilac mist's unfurling,
All the touchful scene impearling,
While the humble tumble-bug
Gaily tumbles,
Bumps and stumbles
Round his glossy, mossy rug.

As the days are waxing duller,
Ceres wanders by the weir,
Ruddy as a homespun cruller—
In the drifting, shifting colour

Sail her ringlets, gold and sere,
While beguiling
She is smiling—
On the corn—from ear to ear.

RICHARD KENDALL MUNKITTRICK.

What's in a Name?

IN letters large upon the frame,
That visitors might see,
The painter placed his humble name:
O'Callaghan McGee.

And from Beersheba unto Dan,
The critics with a nod
Exclaimed: "This painting Irishman
Adores his native sod.

"His stout heart's patriotic flame
There's naught on earth can quell;
He takes no wild romantic name
To make his pictures sell!"

Then poets praise in sonnets neat
His stroke so bold and free;
No parlour wall was thought complete
That hadn't a McGee.

All patriots before McGee
Threw lavishly their gold;
His works in the Academy
Were very quickly sold.

His "Digging Clams at Barnegat,"
His "When the Morning smiled,"
His "Seven Miles from Ararat,"
His "Portrait of a Child,"

Were purchased in a single day
And lauded as divine.—
* * * *
That night as in his *atalier*
The artist sipped his wine,

And looked upon his gilded frames,
He grinned from ear to ear:—
"They little think my *real* name's
V. Stuyvesant De Vere!"

RICHARD KENDALL MUNKITTRICK.

At Dewy Morn.

THE East is blushing,
The landscape flushing,
The water's glowing
A silver dream,
A faint light-billow
Illumes my pillow;
The rooster's crowing
With joy supreme.
The morning in shimmering gold is moulded,
The robin chants in the tree-top tall;
And at last the mosquito's softly folded
His murmurous wing on the cottage wall.

Where shadows darkle,
The dewdrops sparkle
On lilies, roses,
And other things.
And for the lakelet,
Ducklet, and drakelet,
Now point their noses
And spread their wings.
The flower that seems of the softest silk made
Cradles the bee on the mountain brow;
And out in the sunshine the rosy milkmaid
Adroitly manipulates the cow.

The frisky heifer
Inhales the zephyr,
  Scented with clover
    Snowy and deep.
Though bent on rising
With ease surprising
  I turn me over
    And fall asleep.
Oh, I drop in a cat nap, sweet and soothing,
  And wander through meadows, green and bright,
And forget that the blooming infant, toothing,
  Has kept me prancing the floor all night.

RICHARD KENDALL MUNKITTRICK.

Put to Sleep.

BACK and forth in the rocker,
  Lost in a reverie deep,
The mother rocked while trying
  To sing the baby to sleep.

The baby began a-crowing,
  For silent he couldn't keep,
And after awhile the baby
  Had crowed his mother to sleep.

RICHARD KENDALL MUNKITTRICK.

To Miguel De Cervantes-Saavedra.

A BLUE bird lives in yonder tree,
Likewise a merry chickadee,
In two woodpecker nests—rent free!

There, where the weeping willow weeps,
A dainty house-wren sweetly cheeps—
From an old oriole's nest it peeps.

I see the English sparrow tilt
Upon the limb with sun begilt—
Its nest an ancient swallow built.

So it was one of your old jests,
Eh, Mig. Cervantes, that attests,
"There are no birds in last year's nests!"

RICHARD KENDALL MUNKITTRICK.

The Patriotic Tourist.

SOME folks the Old World find so fair,
And fancy it so grand,
They see its marvels everywhere
About their native land.

When they the Hudson sail by day,
While all its beauties shine,
They most enthusiastic say:
"Behold the Yankee Rhine!"

As on Lake George they dream and drift,
Enrapt at every turn,
'Tis thus their voices up they lift:
"America's Lake Lucerne!"

At Saranac sublimely frown
The Alps their travels know,
And then they breathe in Morristown
The air of Monaco.

Forsooth it's not the same with me,
For, from an Alpine gorge,
I view Lucerne, and sing in glee:
"'Tis Switzerland's Lake George!"

When off Sorrento, in a boat
I drift, serene and gay,
I fancy, in a dream, I float
On great Peconic Bay.

When in the Scottish Highlands, I
Upon the heather bunk,
I look about and fondly sigh
O'er Caledon's Maunch Chunk.

In London town, all smoke and fog,
I wander happy, when
I fancy that I gaily jog
Around in Pittsburgh, Penn.

The Rhine is Europe's Hudson long,
The Alps the Swiss Catskills;
Lake Como is the Ho-pat-cong
Of the Italian hills.

I see, from Dan to Jericho,
From Berne to Ispahan,
Wonders that imitate, I know,
Our own as best they can.

And I shall cheer, until I cease
To tread this earthly way,
Sky high in classic Athens, Greece,
Manunka Chunk, N. J.

RICHARD KENDALL MUNKITTRICK.

A Great Fight.

"THERE was a man in Arkansaw
As let his passions rise,
And not unfrequently picked out
Some other varmint's eyes.

"His name was Tuscaloosa Sam,
And often he would say,
'There's not a cuss in Arkansaw
I can't whip any day.'

"One morn, a stranger passin' by,
Heard Sammy talkin' so,
And down he scrambled from his hoss,
And off his coat did go.

"He sorter kinder shut one eye,
And spit into his hand,
And put his ugly head one side,
And twitched his trowsers' band.

"'My boy,' says he, 'it's my belief,
Whomever you may be,
That I kin make you screech, and smell
Pertiklor agony.'

"'I'm thar,' said Tuscaloosa Sam,
And chucked his hat away;
'I'm thar,' says he, and buttoned up
As far as buttons may.

"He thundered on the stranger's mug,
The stranger pounded he;
And oh! the way them critters fit
Was beautiful to see.

"They clinched like two rampageous bears,
And then went down a bit;
They swore a stream of six-inch oaths
And fit, and fit, and fit.

"When Sam would try to work away,
And on his pegs to git,
The stranger 'd pull him back; and so,
They fit, and fit, and fit!

"Then like a pair of lobsters, both
  Upon the ground were knit,
And yet the varmints used their teeth,
  And fit, and fit, and fit ! !

"The sun of noon was high above,
  And hot enough to split,
But only riled the fellers more,
  That fit, and fit, and fit ! ! !

"The stranger snapped at Samy's nose,
  And shortened it a bit;
And then they both swore awful hard,
  And fit, and fit, and fit ! ! ! !

"The mud it flew, the sky grew dark,
  And all the litenins lit;
But still them critters rolled about,
  And fit, and fit, and fit ! ! ! ! !

"First Sam on top, then t'other chap;
  When one would make a hit,
The other 'd smell the grass; and so
  They fit, and fit, and fit ! ! ! ! ! !

"The night came on, the stars shone out
  As bright as wimmen's wit;
And still them fellers swore and gouged,
  And fit, and fit, and fit ! ! ! ! ! ! !

"The neighbours heard the noise they made,
And thought an earthquake lit;
Yet all the while 'twas him and Sam
As fit, and fit, and fit!!!!!!!!

"For miles around the noise was heard;
Folks couldn't sleep a bit,
Because them two rantankerous chaps
Still fit, and fit, and fit!!!!!!!!!

"But jist at cock-crow, suddenly,
There came an awful pause,
And I and my old man run out
To ascertain the cause.

"The sun was rising in the yeast,
And lit the hull concern;
But not a sign of either chap
Was found at any turn.

"Yet, in the region where they fit,
We found, to our surprise,
One pint of buttons, two big knives,
Some whiskers, and four eyes!"

ROBERT HENRY NEWALL.

The Old Man and Jim.

OLD MAN never had much to say—
'Ceptin' to Jim,—
And Jim was the wildest boy he had—
And the Old man jes' wrapped up in him!
Never heerd him speak but once
Er twice in my life,—and first time was
When the army broke out, and Jim he went,
The Old man backin' him, fer three months.—
And all 'at I heerd the Old man say
Was, jes' as we turned to start away,—
"Well; good-bye, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

'Peared-like, he was more satisfied
Jes' *lookin'* at Jim,
And likin' him all to hisse'f-like, see?—
'Cause he was jes' wrapped up in him!
And over and over I mind the day
The Old man come and stood round in the way
While we was drillin', a-watchin' Jim—
And down at the deepot a-heerin' him say,—
"Well; good-bye, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

Never was nothin' about the farm
Disting'ished Jim;—
Neighbours all ust to wonder why
The Old man 'peared wrapped up in him:
But when Cap. Biggler, he writ back,
'At Jim was the bravest boy we had
In the whole dern rigiment, white er black,
And his fightin' good as his farmin' bad—
'At he had led, with a bullet clean
Bored through his thigh, and carried the flag
Through the bloodiest battle you ever seen,—
The Old man wound up a letter to him
'At Cap. read to us, 'at said,—"Tell Jim
Good-bye;
And take keer of hisse'f."

Jim come back jes' long enough
To take the whim
'At he'd like to go back in the cavelry—
And the Old man jes' wra[illegible]ed up in him!—
Jim 'lowed 'at he'd had sich luck afore,
Guessed he'd tackle her three years more.
And the Old man give him a colt he'd raised
And follered him over to Camp Ben Wade,
And laid around fer a week er so,
Watchin' Jim on dress-parade—
Tel finally he rid away,
And last he heerd was the Old man say,—
"Well; good-bye, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

Tuk the papers, the Old man did,
A-watchin' fer Jim—
Fully believin' he'd make his mark
Some way—jes' wrapped up in him!—
And many a time the word 'u'd come
'At stirred him up like the tap of a drum—
At Petersburg, fer instance, where
Jim rid right into their cannons there,
And tuk 'em, and p'inted 'em t'other way,
And socked it home to the boys in grey,
As they skooted fer timber, and on and on—
Jim a lieutenant and one arm gone,
And the Old man's words in his mind all day,—
"Well; good-bye, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

Think of a private, now, perhaps,
We'll say like Jim,
'At's clumb clean up to the shoulder-straps—
And the Old man jes' wrapped up in him!
Think of him—with the war plum' through,
And the glorious old Red-White-and-Blue
A-laughin' the news down over Jim,
And the Old man, bendin' over him—
The surgeon turnin' away with tears
'At had n't leaked fer years and years—
As the hand of the dyin' boy clung to
His father's, the old voice in his ears,—
"Well; good-bye, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

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Little Orphant Annie.

LITTLE Orphant Annie's come to our house to stay
An' wash the cups and saucers up, and brush the crumbs away,
An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the hearth an' sweep,
An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her board-an'-keep;
An' all us other children, when the supper things is done,
We set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest fun
A-list'nin' to the witch tales 'at Annie tells about,
An' the gobble-uns 'at gits you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

Onc't they was a little boy wouldn't say his pray'rs—
An' when he went to bed 'at night, away up stairs,
His mamma heerd him holler, an' his daddy heerd him bawl,
An' when they turn'd the kivvers down, he wasn't there at all!
An' they seeked him in the rafter-room, an' cubby-hole, an' press,
An' seeked him up the chimbly-flue, an' ever'wheres, I guess,

But all they ever found was thist his pants an' round-about!—
An' the gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an' grin,
An' make fun of ever' one an' all her blood-an'-kin,
An' onc't when they was "company," an' ole folks was there,
She mocked 'em an' shocked 'em, an' said she didn't care!
An' thist as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to run an' hide,
They was two great big Black Things a-standin' by her side,
An' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore she know'd what she's about!
An' the gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

An' Little Orphant Annie says, when the blaze is blue,
An' the lampwick splutters, an' the wind goes woo-oo!
An' you hear the crickets quiet, an' the moon is gray,
An' the lightnin'-bugs in dew is all squenched away,—

You better mind yer parents, and yer teachers fond and
dear,
An' churish them 'at loves you, an' dry the orphant's tear,
An' he'p the pore an' needy ones 'at clusters all about,
Er the gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

When the Frost is on the Punkin.

WHEN the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the
shock,
And you hear the kyouck and gobble of the struttin'
turkey-cock,
And the clackin' of the guineys, and the cluckin' of the
hens,
And the rooster's hallylooyer as he tiptoes on the fence;
O it's then's the times a feller is a-feelin' at his best,
With the risin' sun to greet him from a night of peaceful
rest,
As he leaves the house, bare-headed, and goes out to
feed the stock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the
shock.

They's something kindo' hearty-like about the atmosphere,
When the heat of summer's over and the coolin' fall is here—
Of course we miss the flowers, and the blossoms on the trees,
And the mumble of the hummin'-birds and buzzin' of the bees;
But the air's so appetisin'; and the landscape through the haze
Of a crisp and sunny morning of the airly autumn days
Is a pictur that no painter has the colorin' to mock—
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

The husky, rusty rustle of the tossels of the corn,
And the raspin' of the tangled leaves, as golden as the morn;
The stubble in the furries—kindo' lonesome-like, but still
A-preachin' sermons to us of the barns they growed to fill;
The strawstack in the medder, and the reaper in the shed;
The hosses in theyr stalls below—the clover overhead!—
O, it sets my heart a-clickin' like the tickin' of a clock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Jim.

He was jes' a plain, ever'-day, all-around kind of a jour.,
Consumpted lookin'—but la!
The jokeyest, wittyest, story-tellin', song-singin', laughin'est, jolliest
Feller you ever saw!
Worked at jes' coarse work, but you can bet he was fine enough in his talk
And his feelin's too!
Lordy! Ef he was on'y back on his bench agin to-day, a-carryin' on
Like he ust to do!

Any shop-mate 'll tell you they never was on top o' dirt
A better feller'n Jim!
You want a favour, and couldn't git it anywheres else—
You could git it o' him!
Most free-heartedest man that away in the world, I guess!
Give ever' nickel he's worth,—
And, ef you'd a-wanted it, and named it to him, and it was his,
He'd a-give you the earth.

Allus a-reachin' out, Jim was, and a-helpin' some
Poor feller onto his feet,—
He'd a-never a-keered how hungry he was hisse'f,
So's the feller got somepin to eat!

Didn't make no difference at all to him how he was dressed,
He ust to say to me:
"You tog out a tramp purty comfortable in winter-time,
And he'll git along!" says he.

Jim didn't have, nor never could git ahead, so overly much
O' this world's goods at a dime,—
'Fore now I've saw him, more'n once lend a dollar and ha'f to
Turn 'round and borry a dime!
Mebby laugh and joke about hisse'f fer awhile—then jerk his coat,
And kindo' square his chin,
Tie his apern, and squat hisse'f on his old shoe bench
And go peggin' agin.

Patientest feller, too, I reckon, 'at ever jes' naturally
Coughed hisse'f to death!
Long enough after his voice was lost he'd laugh and say,
He could git ever'thing but breath.—
"You fellers," he'd sorto' twinkle his eyes and say,
"Is a-pilin' onto me
A mighty big debt for that air little weak-chested ghost o' mine to pack
Through all eternity!"

Now there was a man 'at jes' 'peared like to me
'At ortn't a-never died!
"But death hain't a-showin' no favours," the old hoss said,
"On'y to Jim," and cried;
And Wigger, 'at put up the best sewed work in the shop,
O' the whole blamed neighbourhood,
He says: "When God made Jim, I bet you, He didn't do anything else that day,
But jes' set around and feel good."

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

A Sailor's Yarn.

This is the tale that was told to me,
By a battered and shattered son of the sea—
To me and my messmate, Silas Green,
When I was a guileless young marine.

"'Twas the good ship *Gyascutus*,
All in the China seas,
With the wind a-lee and the capstan free
To catch the summer breeze.

"'Twas Captain Porgie on the deck,
To his mate in the mizzen hatch,
While the boatswain bold, in the forward hold,
Was winding the larboard watch.

"'Oh, how does our good ship head to-night?
How heads our gallant craft?'
'Oh, she heads to the E. S. W. by N.,
And the binnacle lies abaft!'

"'Oh, what does the quadrant indicate,
And how does the sextant stand?'
'Oh, the sextant's down to the freezing-point,
And the quadrant's lost a hand!'

"'Oh, and if the quadrant has lost a hand,
And the sextant falls so low,
It's our bodies and bones to Davy Jones
This night are bound to go!

"'Oh, fly aloft to the garboard strake!
And reef the spanker boom;
Bend a studding sail on the martingale,
To give her weather room.

"'Oh, boatswain, down in the for'ard hold
What water do you find?'
'Four foot and a half by the royal gaff
And rather more behind!'

"'Oh, sailors, collar your marline spikes
And each belaying pin;
Come stir your stumps, and spike the pumps,
Or more will be coming in!'

"They stirred their stumps, they spiked the pumps,
They spliced the mizzen brace;
Aloft and alow they worked, but oh!
The water gained apace.

"They bored a hole above the keel
To let the water out;
But, strange to say, to their dismay,
The water in did spout.

"Then up spoke the Cook of our gallant ship,
And he was a lubber brave:
'I have several wives in various ports,
And my life I'd orter save.'

"Then up spoke the Captain of Marines,
Who dearly loved his prog:
'It's awful to die, and it's worse to be dry,
And I move we pipe to grog.'

"Oh, then 'twas the noble second mate
What filled them all with awe;
The second mate, as bad men hate,
And cruel skipper's jaw.

"He took the anchor on his back,
And leaped into the main;
Through foam and spray he clove his way,
And sunk and rose again!

"Through foam and spray, a league away
The anchor stout he bore;
Till, safe at last, he made it fast
And warped the ship ashore!

"'Taint much of a job to talk about,
But a ticklish thing to see,
And suth'in to do, if I say it, too,
For that second mate was me!"

Such was the tale that was told to me
By that modest and truthful son of the sea,
And I envy the life of a second mate,
Though captains curse him and sailors hate,
For he ain't like some of the swabs I've seen,
As would go and lie to a poor marine.

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

A Boston Lullaby.

BABY'S brain is tired of thinking
On the Wherefore and the Whence;
Baby's precious eyes are blinking
With incipient somnolence.

Little hands are weary turning
  Heavy leaves of lexicon;
Little nose is fretted learning
  How to keep its glasses on.

Baby knows the laws of nature
  Are beneficent and wise;
His medulla oblongata
  Bids my darling close his eyes,

And his pneumogastrics tell him
  Quietude is always best
When his little cerebellum
  Needs recuperative rest.

Baby must have relaxation,
  Let the world go wrong or right—
Sleep, my darling, leave Creation
  To its chances for the night.

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

"Don't."

YOUR eyes were made for laughter.
  Sorrow befits them not;
Would you be blithe hereafter,
  Avoid the lover's lot.

The rose and lily blended
  Possess your cheeks so fair;
Care never was intended
  To leave his furrows there.

Your heart was not created
  To fret itself away,
Being unduly mated
  To common human clay.

But hearts were made for loving,—
  Confound philosophy!
Forget what I've been proving,
  Sweet Phyllis, and love me.

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

If.

OH, if the world were mine, Love,
  I'd give the world for thee!
Alas! there is no sign, Love,
  Of that contingency

Were I a king—which isn't
  To be considered now,—
A diadem had glistened
  Upon thy lovely brow.

Had Fame with laurels crowned me,—
  She hasn't up to date,—
Nor time nor change had found me
  To love and thee ingrate.

If Death threw down his gage, Love,
  Though Life is dear to me,
I'd die, e'en of old age, Love,
  To win a smile from thee.

But being poor we part, Dear,
  And love, sweet love, must die,—
Thou wilt not break thy heart, Dear;
  No more, I think, shall I.

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

The V-a-s-e.

FROM the madding crowd they stand apart,
The maidens four and the Work of Art;

And none might tell from sight alone
In which had Culture ripest grown,—

The Gotham Million fair to see,
The Philadelphia Pedigree,

The Boston Mind of azure hue,
Or the soulful Soul from Kalamazoo,—

For all loved Art in a seemly way,
With an earnest soul and a capital A.

. . . . . .

Long they worshipped; but no one broke
The sacred stillness, until up spoke

The Western one from the nameless place,
Who blushing said: "What a lovely vace!"

Over three faces a sad smile flew,
And they edged away from Kalamazoo.

But Gotham's haughty soul was stirred
To crush the stranger with one small word.

Deftly hiding reproof in praise
She cries: "'Tis indeed a lovely vaze!"

But brief her unworthy triumph when
The lofty one from the home of Penn,

With the consciousness of two grandpapas,
Exclaims: "It is quite a lovely vahs!"

And glances round with an anxious thrill,
Awaiting the word of Beacon Hill.

But the Boston maid smiles courteouslee
And gently murmurs: "Oh, pardon me!

"I did not catch your remark, because
I was so entranced with that charming vaws!"

Dies erit prægelida
Sinistra quum Bostonia.

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

The First Banjo.

Go 'way, fiddle! folks is tired o' hearin' you a-squawkin'—
Keep silence fur yo' betters!—don't you heah de banjo talkin'?
About de 'possum's tail she's gwine to lecter—ladies, listen!—
About de ha'r whut isn't dar, an' why de ha'r is missin':

"Dar's gwine to be a' oberflow," said Noah, lookin' solemn—
Fur Noah tuk the "*Herald*," an' he read de ribber column—
An' so he sot his hands to wuk a-cl'arin' timber-patches,
An' 'lowed he's gwine to build a boat to beat de steamah *Natchez*.

Ol' Noah kep' a-nailin' an' a-chippin' an' a-sawin';
An' all de wicked neighbours kep' a-laughin' an' a-pshawin';
But Noah didn't min' 'em, knowin' whut wuz gwine to happen:
An' forty days an' forty nights de rain it kep' a-drappin'.

Now, Noah had done cotched a lot ob ebry sort o' beas'es—
Ob all de shows a-trabbelin', it beat 'em all to pieces!
He had a Morgan colt an' sebral head o' Jarsey cattle—
An' druv 'em 'board de Ark as soon 's he heered de thunder rattle.

Den sech anoder fall ob rain!—it come so awful hebby,
De ribber riz immejitly, an' busted troo de lebbee;
De people all wuz drownded out—'cep' Noah an' de critters,
An' men he'd hired to work de boat—an' one to mix de bitters.

De Ark she kep' a-sailin' an' a-sailin', *an'* a-sailin';
De lion got his dander up, an' like to bruk de palin';
De sarpints hissed; de painters yelled; tell, whut wid all de fussin',
You c'u'dn't hardly heah de mate a-bossin' roun' an' cussin'.

Now, Ham, he only nigger whut wuz runnin' on de packet,
Got lonesome in de barber-shop, and c'u'dn't stan' de racket;
An' so, fur to amuse he-se'f, he steamed some wood an' bent it,
An' soon he had a banjo made—de fust dat wuz invented.

He wet de ledder, stretched it on; made bridge an' screws an' aprin;
An' fitted in a proper neck—'twas berry long and tap'rin';
He tuk some tin, an' twisted him a thinble fur to ring it;
An' den de mighty question riz: how wuz he gwine to string it?

De 'possum had as fine a tail as dis dat I's a-singin';
De ha'r's so long an' thick an' strong,—des fit fur banjo-stringin';
Dat nigger shaved 'em off as short as wash-day-dinner graces;
An' sorted ob 'em by de size, f'om little E's to basses.

He strung her, tuned her, struck a jig,—'twus "Nebber min' de wedder,"—
She soun' like forty-lebben bands a-playin' all togedder;
Some went to pattin'; some to dancin': Noah called de figgers;
An' Ham he sot an' knocked de tune, de happiest ob niggers!

Now, sence dat time—it's mighty strange—dere's not de slightes' showin'
Ob any ha'r at all upon de 'possum's tail a-growin';
An' curi's, too, dat nigger's ways: his people nebber los' 'em—
Fur whar you finds de nigger—dar's de banjo an' de 'possum!

IRWIN RUSSELL.

Nebuchadnezzar.

YOU, Nebuchadnezzah, whoa, sah!
Whar is you tryin' to go, sah?
I'll hab you fur to know, sah,
I's a-holdin' ob de lines.
You better stop dat prancin';
You's pow'ful fond ob dancin';
But I'll bet my yeah's advancin'
Dat I'll cure you ob yo' shines.

Look heah, mule! Better min' out;
Fus' t'ing you know you'll fin' out
How quick I'll wear dis line out
On your ugly, stubbo'n back.
You needn't try to steal up
An' lif' dat precious heel up,
You's got to plow dis fiel' up,
You has, sah, fur a fac'.

Dar, *dat's* de way to do it!
He's comin' right down to it;
jes' watch him plowin' troo it!
Dis nigger ain't no fool.
Some folks dey would 'a' beat him;
Now, dat would only heat him—
I know jes' how to treat him:
You mus' *reason* wid a mule.

He minds me like a nigger.
If he wus only bigger
He'd fotch a mighty figger,
He would, I *tell* you! Yes, sah!
See how he keeps a-clickin'!
He's as gentle as a chickin,
An' nebber thinks o' kickin'—
Whoa, dar! Nebuchadnezzah!

. . . . .

Is dis heah me, or not me?
Or is de debbil got me?
Wus dat a cannon shot me?
Hab I lain heah more'n a week?
Dat mule do kick amazin'!
De beast wus sp'iled in raisin'—
By now I 'spect he's grazin'
On de oder side de creek.

IRWIN RUSSELL.

A Practical Young Woman.

YOUNG Julius Jones loved Susan Slade;
And oft, in dulcet tones,
He vainly had besought the maid
To take the name of Jones.

"Wert thou but solid, then, be sure,
'Twould be all right," said she;
"But Mr. J., whilst thou art poor
Pray think no more of me."

Poor Jones was sad; his coat was bad;
His salary was worse;
But hope suggested: "Jones, my lad,
Just try the power of verse."

He sat him down and wrote in rhyme
  How she was in her spring,
And he in summer's golden prime—
  And all that sort of thing.

The poem praised her hair and eyes,
  Her lips, with honey laden.
He wound it up—up to the skies—
  And mailed it to the maiden.

She read it over, kept it clean,
  Put on her finest raiment,
And took it to a magazine
  And got ten dollars payment.

IRWIN RUSSELL.

The Ghost-Player.

A Ballad.

TOM GOODWIN was an actor-man,
  Old Drury's pride and boast
In all the light and sprite-ly parts,
  Especially the Ghost.

Now, Tom was very fond of drink,
  Of almost every sort,
Comparative and positive,
  From porter up to port.

But grog, like grief, is fatal stuff
For any man to sup;
For when it fails to pull him down,
It's sure to blow him up.

And so it fared with ghostly Tom,
Who day by day was seen
A-swelling, till (as lawyers say)
He fairly lost his lean.

At length the manager observed
He'd better leave his post,
And said he played the very deuce
Whene'er he played the Ghost.

'Twas only t'other night he saw
A fellow swing his hat,
And heard him cry, "By all the gods!
The Ghost is getting fat!"

'Twould never do, the case was plain;
His eyes he couldn't shut;
Ghosts shouldn't make the people laugh,
And Tom was quite a butt.

Tom's actor friends said ne'er a word
To cheer his drooping heart;
Though more than one was burning up
With zeal to "take his part."

Tom argued very plausibly;
He said he didn't doubt
That Hamlet's father drank, and grew,
In years, a little stout.

As so 'twas natural, he said,
And quite a proper plan,
To have his spirit represent
A portly sort of man.

'Twas all in vain; the manager
Said he was not in sport,
And, like a general, bade poor Tom
Surrender up his *forte*.

He'd do, perhaps, in heavy parts,
Might answer for a monk,
Or porter to the elephant,
To carry round his trunk;

But in the Ghost his day was past,—
He'd never do for that;
A Ghost might just as well be dead
As plethoric and fat!

Alas! next day poor Tom was found
As stiff as any post,
For he had lost his character,
And given up the Ghost.

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

Ho-ho of the Golden Belt.

One of the "Nine Stories of China."

A BEAUTIFUL maiden was little Min-Ne,
Eldest daughter of wise Wang-Ke;
Her skin had the colour of saffron-tea,
And her nose was flat as flat could be;
And never was seen such beautiful eyes,
Two almond-kernels in shape and size,
Set in a couple of slanting gashes,
And not in the lèast disfigured by lashes;
And then such feet!
You'd scarcely meet
In the longest walk through the grandest street
(And you might go seeking
From Nanking to Peking)
A pair so remarkably small and neat.

Two little stumps,
Mere pedal lumps,
That toddle along with the funniest thumps,
In China, you know, are reckon'd trumps.
It seems a trifle, to make such a boast of it;
But how they *will* dress it,
And bandage and press it,
By making the least, to make the most of it!
As you may suppose,
She had plenty of beaux

Bowing around her beautiful toes,
Praising her feet, and eyes, and nose
In rapturous verse and elegant prose!
She had lots of lovers, old and young;
There was lofty Long, and babbling Lung,
Opulent Tin, and eloquent Tung,
Musical Sing and, the rest among,
Great Hang-Yu and Yu-be-Hung.

But though they smiled, and smirk'd, and bow'd,
None could please her of all the crowd;
Lung and Tung she thought too loud;
Opulent Tin was much too proud;
Lofty Long was quite too tall;
Musical Sing sung very small;
And, most remarkable freak of all,
Of great Hang-Yu the lady made game,
And Yu-be-Hung she mocked the same,
By echoing back his ugly name!

But the hardest heart is doom'd to melt;
Love is a passion that *will* be felt;
And just when scandal was making free
To hint "what a pretty old maid she'd be,"—
Little Min-Ne,
Who but she?
Married Ho-Ho of the Golden Belt!

A man, I must own, of bad reputation,
And low in purse, though high in station,—
A sort of Imperial poor relation,
Who rank'd as the Emperor's second cousin
Multiplied by a hundred dozen;
And, to mark the love the Emperor felt,
Had a pension clear
Of three pounds a year,
And the honour of wearing a Golden Belt!

And gallant Ho-Ho
Could really show
A handsome face, as faces go
In this Flowery Land, where, you must know,
The finest flowers of beauty grow.
He'd the very widest kind of jaws,
And his nails were like an eagle's claws,
And—though it may seem a wondrous tale—
(Truth is mighty and will prevail!)
He'd a *queue* as long as the deepest cause
Under the Emperor's chancery laws!

Yet how he managed to win Min-Ne
The men declared they couldn't see;
But all the ladies, over their tea,
In this one point were known to agree!
Four gifts were sent to aid his plea:

A smoking-pipe with a golden clog,
A box of tea and a poodle dog,
And a painted heart that was all aflame,
And bore, in blood, the lover's name.
Ah! how could presents pretty as these
A delicate lady fail to please?
She smoked the pipe with the golden clog,
And drank the tea, and ate the dog,
And kept the heart,—and that's the way
The match was made, the gossips say.

I can't describe the wedding-day,
Which fell in the lovely month of May,
Nor stop to tell of the Honey-moon,
And how it vanish'd all too soon;
Alas! that I the truth must speak,
And say that in the fourteenth week,
Soon as the wedding guests were gone,
  And their wedding suits began to doff,
Min-Ne was weeping and "taking-on,"
  For *he* had been trying to "take her off."

Six wives before he had sent to heaven,
And being partial to number "seven,"
He wished to add his latest pet,
Just, perhaps, to make up the set!

Mayhap the rascal found a cause
Of discontent in a certain clause
In the Emperor's very liberal laws,
Which gives, when a Golden Belt is wed,
Six hundred pounds to furnish the bed;
And if in turn he marry a score,
With every wife six hundred more.

First, he tried to murder Min-Ne
With a special cup of poison'd tea;
But the lady smelling a mortal foe,
Cried, "Ho-Ho!
I'm very fond of mild Souchong,
But you, my love, you make it too strong."

At last Ho-Ho, the treacherous man,
Contrived the most infernal plan
Invented since the world began;
He went and got him a savage dog,
Who'd eat a woman as soon as a frog;
Kept him a day without any prog,
Then shut him up in an iron bin,
Slipp'd the bolt and lock'd him in;
Then giving the key
To poor Min-Ne,
Said, "Love, there's something you *mustn't* see
In the chest beneath the orange tree."

. . . . . .

Poor mangled Min-Ne! with her latest breath
She told her father the cause of her death;
And so it reach'd the Emperor's ear,
And his Highness said, "It is very clear
Ho-ho has committed a murder here!"
And he doomed Ho-Ho to end his life
By the terrible dog that kill'd his wife;
But in mercy (let his praise be sung!)
His thirteen brothers were merely hung,
And his slaves bamboo'd in the mildest way,
For a calendar month, three times a day.
And that's the way that Justice dealt
With wicked Ho-Ho of the Golden Belt!

JOHN G. SAXE.

Wouldn't you Like to Know?

A Madrigal.

I KNOW a girl with teeth of pearl,
And shoulders white as snow;
She lives,—ah! well,
I must not tell,—
Wouldn't you like to know?

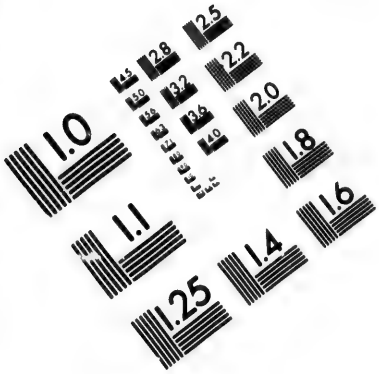
Her sunny hair is wondrous fair,
And wavy in its flow;
Who made it less
One little tress,—
Wouldn't you like to know?

Her eyes are blue (celestial hue!)
And dazzling in their glow;
On whom they beam
With melting gleam,—
Wouldn't you like to know?

Her lips are red and finely wed,
Like roses ere they blow;
What lover sips
Those dewy lips,—
Wouldn't you like to know?

Her fingers are like lilies fair
When lilies fairest grow;
Whose hand they press
With fond caress,—
Wouldn't you like to know?

Her foot is small, and has a fall
Like snowflakes on the snow;
And where it goes
Beneath the rose,—
Wouldn't you like to know?



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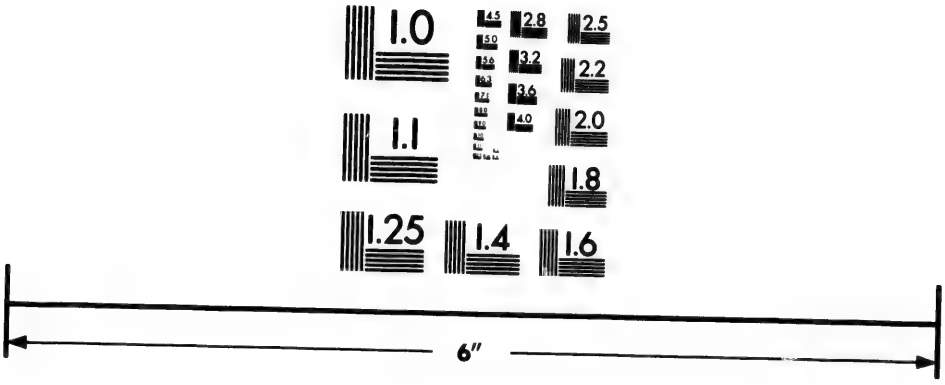

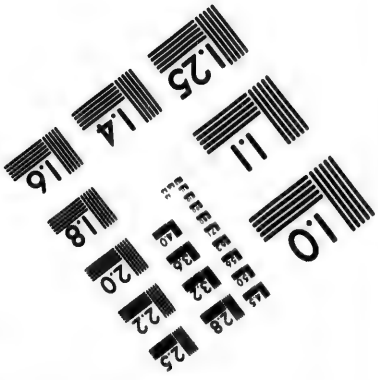

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She has a name, the sweetest name
That language can bestow.
'Twould break the spell
If I should tell,—
Wouldn't you like to know?

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

A Colonial Valentine.

IN the days of patch and powder,—
Dreamful days of long ago,—
If the damosels were prouder
Than to-day we may not know;
But it is no elf of fancy
That low whispers to us how
Love's persuasive necromancy
Then was much the same as now.

On the island of Manhattan
Dwelt there one of beauty rare,
Where sleek beeves were left to fatten
In the pastures broad and fair.

There, in his provincial glory,
  Ruled her sire,—so stories run,—
In the times of merry Tory,
  And of *Colonel* Washington.

This sweet maiden had a lover,
  Though her father kept her hid
(Trust a youth's eyes to discover
  Beauty 'neath the closest lid!),
And at every tender meeting
  Would he urge her, "Love, be mine!"
And he pondered such a greeting
  For an ardent valentine.

How he marred the virgin paper
  Ere he saw a perfect page,
Burning many a midnight taper
  In his "fine poetic rage!"
But at last, when he had penned it
  Neatly o'er, and made no blur,
By a servant did he send it,
  Waxed and perfumed, unto her.

Came the servant dashing faster,
  Faster still the highway down,
Cried, "Your lady says, my master,
  That her sire has gone to town."
"Not in vain did I implore her,"
  Thought he, as he cleared the stile.
Surely happier adorer
  Never rode a madder mile.

Little at the door he tarried;
Sought he out the fair one's shrine:
"Let us fly, love, and be married;
Be this day my valentine!"
We will draw the modest curtain,
For she answered with a kiss:
If she had not, I am certain
I should not be writing this!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Miss Anonymous.

"Some muslin-clad Mabel or May."
—*Austin Dobson.*

'TWAS long ago in hammock days,—
How very long it seems!—
That down the winding country ways,
Beside the singing streams,
I went in search of—dreams!

One dream I found as there I strayed,
A perfect vision, too;
A merry, muslin-kirtled maid,
Whose eyes were harebell-blue,
A most enthralling hue.

She smiled. I smiled. Ah! who can tell
What volumes there were said,
Although we spoke no syllable?
The clover-blooms were red;
There was no cloud o'erhead.

I sighed. She lifted up her face,—
What ruby lips she had!
Bliss for one little moment's space,—
And then she cried: "*There's dad!*"
Oh, wasn't it too bad!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Noureddin, the Son of the Shah.

THERE once was a Shah had a second son
Who was very unlike his elder one,
For he went about on his own affairs,
And scorned the mosque and the daily prayers;
When his sire frowned fierce, then he cried, "Ha, ha!"
Noureddin, the son of the Shah.

But worst of all of the pranks he played
Was to fall in love with a Christian maid,—
An Armenian maid who wore no veil,
Nor behind a lattice grew thin and pale;
At his sire's dark threats laughed the youth, "Ha, ha!"
Noureddin, the son of the Shah.

"I will shut him close in an iron cage,"
The monarch said, in a fuming rage;
But the prince slipped out by a postern door,
And away to the mountains his loved one bore;
Loud his glee rang back on the winds, "Ha, ha!"
Noureddin, the son of the Shah.

And still in the town of Teheran,
When a youth and a maid adopt this plan,—
All frowns and threats with a laugh defy,
And away from the mosques to the mountains fly,—
Folk meet and greet with a gay "*Ha, ha!*"
Noureddin, the son of the Shah.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Clarinda Takes the Air.

O WOT ye how fair Mistress Prue
Doth purse her lips and frown,
To see one fleet along the street
All in a trim new gown!
Sing louder, robin! Pipe, O wren!
And, thrush, your quavers dare!
Let every throat be vocal when
Clarinda "takes the air!"

She hath a smile that would beguile
A monk in robe and cowl;
And yet her eyes can look as wise
As grave Minerva's owl.
Lo! when she speaks, across her cheeks
The chasing dimples fare;
O young again I would be when
Clarinda "takes the air!"

Nor left nor right her glances light;
Demurely on she goes;
In all the wide, wide countryside
There's not so sweet a rose.
And ye, my gallant gentlemen,—
Tut! tut!—ye should not stare!
And yet how may ye help it when
Clarinda "takes the air!"

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

A Love Lesson.

ONE night I said to Dora, "How,
Since bashfulness seems my undoing,
Do modern suitors breathe a vow
Whene'er they chance to come a-wooing?

I have a fair one in my mind;
  You know love's arts, *sans* imperfections,
You've lovers many; pray be kind
  And give me just a few directions."

Round Dora's dimpled mouth the smiles
  Played merrily, as when, at noonday,
The sunlight gleams o'er grassy aisles
  Upon some calm and cloudless June day.
We were old friends, and so she cried,
  "Well, then, attend, you foolish fellow!"
And looking at me roguish-eyed,
  She shook her wayward curls of yellow.

"I would not," she at length began,
  'Advise you woo with loving candour;
Now maids, I fancy, like a man
  Who bears no semblance to Leander.
Whate'er your woes, be true to prose,
  And do not go to 'penning sonnets,'
Talking about 'fair cheeks of rose;'
  The female mind prefers new bonnets.

"Adjure all mention of romance,
  And when you early importune,
Hint slyly, with a meaning glance,
  That you are sure to have a fortune."

"Ungracious girl," said I, "you know
  Your creed is not the one you're preaching.
My lady-love would bid me go
  If I should follow out such teaching."

"You asked what modern suitors say,"
  She coyly laughed. "I've told you truly."
"Suppose I try the older way,"
  I cry, "relate my story newly;
You were the 'fair' I had in mind,
  Pray, will you guide my fresh endeavour?"
She answered softly, "I'm inclined
  To be—to be your guide forever."

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

At Eastertide.

AT Eastertide in gown of blue
And dainty bonnet neat and new,
  With downcast eye whose fringed lid
  A sunny sky of azure hid,
Across the aisle sat merry Prue.

Above the crimson-cushioned pew
I watched her as the moments flew,
And wondered if she knew I did
At Eastertide.

The sunlight poured the oriel through;
I envied what it dared to do,
To clasp her fingers clad in kid,
And hold and kiss them unforbid!
I take the hint—pray wouldn't you,
At Eastertide.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

The Book-Hunter.

A CUP of coffee, eggs, and rolls
Sustain him on his morning strolls:
Unconscious of the passers-by,
He trudges on with downcast eye;
He wears a queer old hat and coat,
Suggestive of a style remote;

His manner is preoccupied,—
A shambling gait, from side to side.
For him the sleek, bright-windowed shop
Is all in vain,—he does not stop.
His thoughts are fixed on dusty shelves
Where musty volumes hide themselves,—
Rare prints of poetry and prose,
And quaintly lettered folios,—
Perchance a parchment manuscript,
In some forgotten corner slipped,
Or monk-illumined missal bound
In vellum with brass clasps around;
These are the pictured things that throng
His mind the while he walks along.

A dingy street, a cellar dim,
With book-lined walls, suffices him.
The dust is white upon his sleeves;
He turns the yellow, dog-eared leaves
With just the same religious look
That priests give to the Holy Book.
He does not heed the stifling air
If so he find a treasure there.
He knows rare books, like precious wines,
Are hidden where the sun ne'er shines;
For him delicious flavours dwell
In books as in old Muscatel;
He finds in features of the type
A clew to prove the grape was ripe.

And when he leaves this dismal place,
Behold, a smile lights up his face!
Upon his cheeks a genial glow,—
Within his hand Boccaccio,
A first edition worn with age,
"Firenze" on the title-page.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

A Baker'z Duzzen uv Wize Sawz.

THEM ez wants, must choose.
Them ez hez, must lose.
Them ez knows, won't blab.
Them ez guesses, will gab.
Them ez borrows, sorrows.
Them ez lends, spends.
Them ez gives, lives.
Them ez keeps dark, is deep.
Them ez kin earn, kin keep.
Them ez aims, hits.
Them ez hez, gits.
Them ez waits, win.
Them ez *will*, *kin*.

E. R. SILL.

The Second Concession of Deer.

JOHN TOMPKINS lived in a house of logs,
On the second concession of Deer;
The front was logs, all straight and sound—
The gable was logs, all tight and round—
The roof was logs, so firmly bound—
And the floor was logs, all down to the ground—
The warmest house in Deer.

And John, to my mind, was a log himself,
On the second concession of Deer;—
None of your birch, with bark of buff—
Nor basswood, weak and watery stuff—
But he was hickory, true and tough,
And only his outside bark was rough;—
The grandest old man in Deer!

But John had lived too long, it seemed,
On the second concession of Deer!
For his daughters took up the governing rein,
With a fine brick house on the old domain,
All papered, and painted with satinwood stain,
Carpeted stairs, and best ingrain—
The finest house in Deer!

Poor John, it was sad to see him now,
On the second concession of Deer!
When he came in from his weary work,
To strip off his shoes like a heathen Turk,—
Or out of the *company's* way to lurk,
And ply in the *shanty* his knife and fork—
The times were turned in Deer!

But John was hickory to the last,
On the second concession of Deer!
And out on the river-end of his lot,
He laid up the logs in a cosy spot,
And self and wife took up with a cot,
And the great brick house might swim or not—
He was done with the pride of Deer!

But the great house could not go at all,
On the second concession of Deer;
'Twas *mother* no more, to wash or bake,
Nor *father* the gallants' steeds to take—
From the kitchen no more came pie nor cake—
And even their butter they'd first to make!—
There were lessons to learn in Deer!

And the lesson they learned a year or more,
On the second concession of Deer!

Then the girls got back the brave old pair—
And gave the mother her easy chair—
She told them how, and they did their share—
And John the honours once more did wear
Of his own domain in Deer.

WILLIAM WYE SMITH.

Pan in Wall Street.

A.D. 1867.

JUST where the Treasury's marble front
Looks over Wall Street's mingled nations;
Where Jews and Gentiles most are wont
To throng for trade and last quotations;
Where, hour by hour, the rates of gold
Outrival, in the ears of people,
The quarter-chimes, serenely tolled
From Trinity's undaunted steeple,—

Even there I heard a strange, wild strain
Sound high above the modern clamour,
Above the cries of greed and gain,
The curbstone war, and auction's hammer;

And swift, on Music's misty ways,
  It led, from all this strife for millions,
To ancient, sweet-do-nothing days
  Among the kirtle-robed Sicilians.

And as it stilled the multitude,
  And yet more joyous rose, and shriller,
I saw the minstrel, where he stood
  At ease against a Doric pillar:
One hand a droning organ played,
  The other held a Pan's-pipe (fashioned
Like those of old) to lips that made
  The reeds give out the strain impassioned.

'Twas Pan himself had wandered here,
  A-strolling through the sordid city,
And piping to the civic ear
  The prelude of some pastoral ditty!
The demigod had crossed the seas,—
  From haunts of shepherd, nymph, and satyr,
And Syracusan times,—to these
  Far shores and twenty centuries later.

A ragged cap was on his head;
  But—hidden thus—there was no doubting
That, all with crispy locks o'erspread,
  His gnarlèd horns were somewhere sprouting;

His club-feet, cased in rusty shoes,
  Were crossed, as on some frieze you see them,
And trousers, patched of divers hues,
  Concealed his crooked shanks beneath them.

He filled the quivering reeds with sound,
  And o'er his mouth the changes shifted,
And with his goat's-eyes looked around
  Where'er the passing current drifted;
And soon, as on Trinacrina hills
  The nymphs and herdsmen ran to hear him,
Even now the tradesmen from their tills,
  With clerks and porters, crowded near him.

The bulls and bears together drew
  From Jauncey Court and New Street Alley,
As erst, if pastorals be true,
  Came beasts from every wooded valley;
The random passers stayed to list,—
  A boxer Ægon, rough and merry,
A Broadway Daphnis, on his tryst
  With Nais at the Brooklyn Ferry.

A one-eyed Cyclops halted long,
  In tattered cloak of army pattern,
And Galatea joined the throng,—
  A blowsy, apple-vending slattern;

While old Silenus staggered out
  From some new-fangled lunch-house handy,
And bade the piper, with a shout,
  To strike up Yankee Doodle Dandy!

A newsboy and a peanut-girl
  Like little Fauns began to caper:
His hair was all in tangled curl,
  Her tawny legs were bare and taper;
And still the gathering larger grew,
  And gave its pence and crowded nigher,
While aye the shepherd-minstrel blew
  His pipe, and struck the gamut higher.

O heart of Nature, beating still
  With throbs her vernal passion taught her,—
Even here, as on the vine-clad hill,
  Or by the Arethusan water!
New forms may fold the speech, new lands
  Arise within these ocean-portals,
But Music waves eternal wands,—
  Enchantress of the souls of mortals!

So thought I,—but among us trod
  A man in blue, with legal baton,
And scoffed the vagrant demigod,
  And pushed him from the step I sat on.

Doubting I mused upon the cry,
"Great Pan is dead!"—and all the people
Went on their ways:—and clear and high
The quarter sounded from the steeple.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

Dropping Corn.

PRETTY Phœbe Lane and I
In the soft May weather,
Barefoot down the furrows went
Dropping corn together.

Side by side across the field
Back and forth we hurried;
All the golden grains we dropped
Soon the ploughshare buried.

Bluebirds on the hedges sat,
Chirping low and billing;
"Why," thought I, "not follow suit,
If the maid is willing!"

So I whispered, "Phœbe, dear,
Kiss me——" "Keep on dropping!"
Called her father from the plough;
"There's no time for stopping!"

The cord was loosed,—a moment sped;
The golden charm was broken!
Never more between us two
Word of love was spoken.

What a little slip sometimes
All our hope releases!
How the merest breath of chance
Breaks our joy in pieces!

Sorrow's cup, though often drained,
Never lacks for filling;
And we can't get Fortune's kiss
When the maid is willing.

MAURICE THOMPSON.

To Betsey Prig.

DEAR Betsey, who with courage stout,
And attitude of firm resistance,
Expressed, erewhile, that famous doubt
Of "Mrs. Harris's" existence,—

We have our "Mrs. Harris" too.
We court her, shun her, praise her, flout her,
But oh! we are not brave like you,
We will not, cannot, dare not *doubt* her!

She's had a score of names almost.
In "teacup times" of cards and tattle
She was "the *Mode*" to Belle and Toast,
"The *Ton*" to Messrs. Froth and Rattle.

She's "Fashion" now to Beauty's eyes,
"The World" to some, to some "Propriety";
And in her most appalling guise
She boasts that awful name, "Society."

Time was, her elder lieges say,
She dwelt (or seemed to dwell) in Paris;
She "hails" from Albion's shores to-day,
Our tutelary "Mrs. Harris."

What mortal can escape her thrall?
  Nurse Sairey o'er our cradle dozing
Mumbles her hated name, on all
  Our helpless necks her yoke imposing.

For her we toil and plot and spend;
  For her we barter health and treasure:
What does she give us at the end—
  What smallest good, what poorest pleasure?

What do we gain for weary bones?
  What do we get for all our giving?—
Tinsel for solid gold, and stones
  For bread of wholesome human living!

Join hands, dear Betsey! Slave too long
  To other men's beliefs about her,
I'll pluck up heart of grace, and strong,
  Like you, I'll nobly dare to doubt her!

See! Here all fears away I fling—
  I take your name to hang my verse on:
I doubt her power, her—everything!
  "*I don't believe there's no sich person!*"

ROBERTSON TROWBRIDGE.

Lazyland.

THREE travellers wandered along the strand,
Each with a staff in his feeble hand;
And they chanted low,
"We are go-o-o-
Ing slow-o-ow-
Ly to Lazyland.

"They've left off eating and drinking, there;
They never do any thinking, there;
They never walk,
And they never talk,
And they fall asleep without winking, there.

"Nobody's in a hurry, there;
They are not permitted to worry, there;
'Tis a wide, still place,
And not a face
Shows any symptom of flurry, there.

"No bells are rung in the morning, there;
They care not at all for adorning, there;
All sounds are hushed,
And a man who rushed
Would be treated with absolute scorning, there.

"They do not take any papers, there;
No politicians cut capers, there;
They have no 'views,'
And they tell no news,
And they burn no midnight tapers, there.

"No lovers are ever permitted, there;
Reformers are not admitted, there;
They argue not
In that peaceful spot,
And their clothes all come ready fitted, there.

"Electricity has not been heard of, there;
And steam has been spoken no word of, there;
They stay where they are;
And a coach or car
They have not so much as a third of, there.

"Oh, this world is a truly crazy land;
A worrying, hurrying, mazy land;
We cannot stay;
We must find the way,—
If there *is* a way,—to Lazyland."

MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

A Culprit.

THE maiden aunt, in her straight-backed chair,
With a flush on her pale and wrinkled cheek,
And a horrified, mortified, mystified air,
Was just about to speak.

And the maiden niece—a nice little maid—
Stood meekly twirling her thumbs about,
With a half-triumphant, half-afraid,
And wholly bewitching pout.

Said the maiden aunt: "Will you please explain
What your heads were doing so close together?
You could easily, I assure you, Jane,
Have knocked me down with a feather!

"When I think of your bringing-up—my care,
My scrupulous care—and it's come to this! you
Appeared to be sitting calmly there,
And letting a YOUNG MAN KISS you!

"Now tell me at once just what he said,
And what you replied. This is quite a trial,
So do not stand there and hang your head,
Or attempt the least denial!

"If I catch you once more in such a—fix,
Though you are eighteen, I can tell you, Jane,
I shall treat you just as if you were six,
And send you to school again!

"Are you going to tell me what he said,
And what you said? I'll not stand this trifling,
So look at me, Jane! Lift up your head!
Don't go as if you were stifling!"

Her voice was shaken—of course, with fear:
"He said—he said, 'Will you have me, Jane?'
And I said I would. But indeed, aunt, dear,
We'll never do so again!"

MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

The Real Reason.

"No, we didn't exactly quarrel," he said,
"But a man can't stand quite everything.
I thought I was in love with her, dead,—
But that was away last spring.

"I took her driving—she liked to drive,
Or she said she did; I believed her then,
But I'll never, as sure as I'm alive,
Believe a woman again!

"I'm not considered a talking man,
And I'm willing to own it; there's no doubt
A man can't talk like a woman can,
And I was about talked out.

"I hadn't dared yet—for I am not vain—
To call her darling, or even dear,
So I just remarked, 'It's going to rain,
I felt a drop on my ear.'

"She looked at the clouds, and at my ear,
And this is what she saw fit to say:
'Oh no! that rain is nowhere near;
It is half a mile away!'

"It didn't strike me at first, you know;
But when it did, why, it struck me strong!
She'd called me a donkey—or meant it so—
With ears a half-mile long!

"We both kept still the rest of the way,
And you might have thought that I was a prince,
She was so polite when I said good-day—
But I've never been near her since!"

MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

Beautiful Spring.

"A TENDER veil of green adorns the willows;
The grass is springing up in sunny places;
The ice no longer holds in chains the billows;
The violets soon will show their modest faces.
Oh Spring, fair Spring, we hasten forth to greet thee,
Our frost-bound hearts throb with fresh joy to meet thee."

Thus wrote the Poet, and he read it over—
Being quite young—with modest approbation,
Gazing across a field of (last year's) clover,
And exercising his imagination.
And being caught by several April showers,
He only murmured something of "May flowers."

But the next morning, with a north wind blowing,
And leaden skies above, he changed his ditty.
"No!" growled he, "I will *not*, look how it's snowing!
Pull down the blind, if you've a spark of pity.
Stir up the fire, and make it kindle faster;
And *will* you mix me that red-pepper plaster?

"If anything could start my circulation,
'Twould be that Pilgrim Father's business, surely
To think they undertook to found a nation,
And counted on its future so securely,
After they seen—no, it was *not* sublime—it
Was idiotic, settling in this climate!"

MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

Little Mamma.

WHY is it the children don't love me
As they do Mamma?
That they put her ever above me—
"Little Mamma"?
I'm sure I do all that I can do.
What more can a rather big man do,
Who can't be Mamma—
Little Mamma?

Any game that the tyrants suggest,
"Logomachy"—which I detest,—
Doll-babies, hop-scotch, or base-ball,
I'm always on hand at the call.
When Noah and the others embark,
I'm the elephant saved in the ark.

I creep, and I climb, and I crawl—
By turn am the animals all.
For the show on the stair
I'm always the bear,
The chimpanzee, or the kangaroo.
It is never, "Mamma,—
Little Mamma,—
Won't *you?*"

My umbrella's the pony if any—
None ride on Mamma's parasol;
I'm supposed to have always the penny
For bon-bons, and beggars, and all.
My room is the one where they clatter—
Am I reading, or writing, what matter!
My knee is the one for a trot,
My foot is the stirrup for Dot.
If his fractions get into a snarl
Who straightens the tangles for Karl?
Who bounds Massachusetts and Maine,
And tries to "bound" flimsy old Spain?
Why,
It is *I*,
Papa,—
Not Little Mamma!

That the youngsters are ingrates don't say.
I think they love me—in a way—
As one does the old clock on the stair,—
Any curious, cumbrous affair

That one's used to having about,
And would feel rather lonesome without.
I think that they love me, I say,
In a sort of tolerant way;
But it's plain that papa
Isn't Little Mamma.

Thus when shadows come stealing a-near,
When things in the firelight look queer;
And shadows the play-room enwrap,
They never climb into my lap
And toy with *my* head, smooth and bare,
As they do with Mamma's shining hair;
Nor feel round my throat and my chin
For dimples to put fingers in,—
Nor lock my neck in a loving vice
And say they're "mousies"—that's mice—
And will nibble my ears,
Will nibble and bite
With their little mice-teeth, so sharp and so white,
If I do not kiss them this very minute—
Don't-wait-a-bit-but-at-once-begin-it.
Dear little Papa!
That's what they say and do to Mamma.

If, mildly hinting, I quietly say that
Kissing's a game that more can play at,
They turn up at once those innocent eyes
And I suddenly learn to my great surprise

That my face has "prickles"—
My moustache tickles.
If storming their camp I seize a pert shaver,
And take as a right what was asked as a favour,
It is, "O, Papa,
How horrid you are—
You taste exactly like a cigar!"

But though the rebels protest and pout,
And make a pretence of driving me out,
I hold, after all, the main redoubt,—
Not by force of arms nor the force of will,
But the power of love, which is mightier still.
And very deep in their hearts, I know,
Under the saucy and petulant "Oh,"
The doubtful "Yes," or the naughty "No,"
They love Papa.

And down in the heart that no one sees,
Where I hold my feasts and my jubilees,
I know that I would not abate one jot
Of the love that is held by my little Dot
Or my great big boy for their little Mamma,
Though out in the cold is crowded Papa.
I would not abate in the tiniest whit,
And I am not jealous the least little bit;
For I'll tell you a secret: Come, my dears,
And I'll whisper it—right-into-your-ears—
I too love Mamma!
"Little mamma!"

CHARLES HENRY WEBB.

Deacon Brown.

A Dialectic Excuse for a Good Man.

It's Deacon Brown yer askin' about?
He hain't been round for a year;
They planted him last kibbage time,
Which is why he isn't here.
Fer p'raps ye've obsarved as a gin'ral thing,
Thet this livin' under ground
Fer a year or two don't make one feel
Pretty much like sloshin' round.

His kerricter, eh? What, old Deac. Brown?
Well, I'm ruther 'shamed to say
Thet he wa'n't much the sort o' saint
Sot up by Harte and Hay.
He never cussed in his nat'ral life—
I mention this with consarn;
He didn't know how, though he might a know'd
Ef he hed a car'd to larn.

But it makes it rough for the chap thet gets
The writin' of his biog.,
To hev ter confess he's a slingin' ink
Over sich a bump on a log,

Who didn't amount to shucks in a row,
  Who never war out on a tear,
And fer tacklin' a neat little game of "draw,"
  Couldn't tell a full from a pair.

Fer the Deac. jest war a common cuss
  O' the most ornariest kind,
Who never looked out o' the winder o' sin,
  And dursn't raise a blind.
Ye've no idee how parvarse he wus;
  I've hearn him remark—this limb!—
That though he war raised in a Christian land,
  One wife war enough fer him.

P'raps the Deac. ef he'd hed the rearin' o' some,
  Would a panned out better in verse;
But when a man comes of stock like hisn,
  It's hard to be bad an' worse.
Onfortunit like fer the Deac. an' me,
  He'd careful raisin' to hum;
An' yer can't 'spect much of a chap, yer know,
  Onless he sprouts from a slum.

Ef he'd been a high-toned gambolier,
  Or the rough of a minin' camp,
With a bushel o' sin in his kerricter—
  An' a touch o' Sairey Gamp;

Or an ingineer or an ingin thar—
  Any kind of a rum-histin lout—
P'raps he'd a done some pretty big thing
  Fer me ter be splurgin' about.

But he jest plugged on in a no 'count way,
  A-leadin' a good squar life,
Till the war kem on; then he pulled up stakes,
  An' said good-bye ter his wife.
I've hearn tell a grittier man nor him
  In battle never trod,
And he didn't let down in the face o' Death
  Although he b'lieved in a God.

It's queer how he fout at Fred'ricksburg—
  The Deac. jest went in wet,
A-pray'n an' shoot'n an' every time
  A-fetchin' his man, you bet.
Yet he wa'nt sustained by the soothin' thought,
  When he fell, October 'leventh,
Thet he'd knock'd spots out the commandments—
  An' been special rough on the seventh.

Jest over beyont thet turnip patch
  Some twenty holes yer kin see
Thet air filled by chaps who went from here
  To fight 'gin Gin'ral Lee.

They went from here 'bout plantin' time,
  They kem back when corn was ripe,
An' we buried 'em by thet walnut tree—
  All chaps o' the Deacon's stripe.

We'll cross over thar to the old man's grave,
  An' I guess I'll be gittin' then—
Yer pardin, stranger, I allers unroof
  At the grave o' thet sort o' men.
I've been gassin' away permiscus like,
  But now I make bold ter say,
It don't foller on a man's a sneak
  'Cause he lives in a decent way.

I know some folks reck'n contrairy wise,
  An' sling their ink quite free,
But they hain't got holt the right end on it,
  Accordin' to my idee.
An' thet's why I've sort o' been chippin' in,
  A-pleadin' the Deacon's excuse,
Fer you know we all can't be gamblers and thieves—
  An' all women needn't be loose!

CHARLES HENRY WEBB.

A Pin.

Oh, I know a certain woman who is reckoned with the good,
But she fills me with more terror than a raging lion would.
The little chills run up and down my spine whene'er we meet,
Though she seems a gentle creature and she's very trim and neat.

And she has a thousand virtues and not one acknowledged sin,
But she is the sort of person you could liken to a pin,
And she pricks you, and she sticks you, in a way that can't be said—
When you seek for what has hurt you, why, you cannot find the head.

But she fills you with discomfort and exasperating pain—
If anybody asks you why, you really can't explain.
A pin is such a tiny thing,—of that there is no doubt,—
Yet when it's sticking in your flesh, you're wretched till it's out!

She is wonderfully observing—when she meets a pretty girl
She is always sure to tell her if her "bang" is out of curl.
And she is so sympathetic: to a friend, who's much admired,
She is often heard remarking, "Dear, you look so worn and tired!"

And she is a careful critic; for on yesterday she eyed
The new dress I was airing with a woman's natural pride,
And she said, "Oh, how becoming!" and then softly added, "It
Is really a misfortune that the basque is such a fit."

Then she said, "If you had heard me yestereve, I'm sure, my friend,
You would say I am a champion who knows how to defend."
And she left me with the feeling—most unpleasant, I aver—
That the whole world would despise me if it had not been for her.

Whenever I encounter her, in such a nameless way
She gives me the impression I am at my worst that day,
And the hat that was imported (and that cost me half a sonnet)
With just one glance from her round eyes becomes a Bowery bonnet.

She is always bright and smiling, sharp and shining for a thrust—
Use does not seem to blunt her point, nor does she gather rust—
Oh! I wish some hapless specimen of mankind would begin
To tidy up the world for me, by picking up this pin.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Bedlam Town.

Do you want to peep into Bedlam Town?
Then come with me as the day swings down.

Into his cradle, whose rocker's rim
Some people call the horizon dim.

All the mischief of all the fates
Seems to centre in four little pates.

Just an hour before we say
"It is time for bed now, stop your play."

Oh the racket, and noise, and roar,
As they prance like a caravan over the floor.

With never a thought of the head that aches,
And never a heed to the "mercy sakes."

And "pity save us" and "oh, dear, dear,"
That all but the culprits plainly hear.

A monkey, a parrot, a guinea-hen,
Warriors, elephants, Indian men.

A Salvation Army, a grizzly bear,
Are all at once in the nursery there.

And when the clock in the hall strikes seven,
It sounds to us like a voice from Heaven.

And each of the elves in a warm night-gown
Marches away out of Bedlam Town.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Love in a Cottage.

They may talk of love in a cottage,
And bowers of trellised vine—
Of nature bewitchingly simple,
And milk-maids half divine;
They may talk of the pleasure of sleeping
In the shade of a spreading tree,
And a walk in the fields at morning,
By the side of a footstep free!

But give me a sly flirtation
By the light of a chandelier—
With music to play in the pauses,
And nobody very near:
Or a seat on a silken sofa,
With a glass of pure old wine,
And mamma too blind to discover
The small white hand in mine.

Your love in a cottage is hungry,
Your vine is a nest for flies—
Your milk-maid shocks the Graces,
And simplicity talks of pies!
You lie down to your shady slumber
And wake with a fly in your ear,
And your damsel that walks in the morning
Is shod like a mountaineer.

True love is at home on a carpet,
  And mightily likes his ease—
And true love has an eye for a dinner,
  And starves beneath shady trees.
His wing is the fan of a lady,
  His foot's an invisible thing,
And his arrow is tipp'd with a jewel,
  And shot from a silver string.

N. P. WILLIS.

Dixie.*

"I WISH I was in de land ob cotton,
Ole times dar am not forgotten;
In Dixie land whar' I was bawn in
'Arly on a frosty mawnin'.

"Ole missus marry Will de Weaber;
Will he was a gay deceaber;
When he put his arm around her,
He looked as fierce as a forty-pounder.

* This, the original wording of the famous song "Dixie," first appeared in *The New Orleans Times-Democrat* some years before the American Civil War. The song, as sung during the war, was a slight variation of the above.

"His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaber,
But dat didn't seem a bit to greabe her.
Will run away, missus to a decline,
Her face was de colour ob de bacon rine.

"When missus libbed, she libbed in clober,
When she died she died all ober;
How could she act de foolish part,
An' marry a man to break her heart?

"Buckwheat cakes and cornmeal batter
Makes you fat, or little fatter;
Here's de health to de next ole missus,
An' all de gals as wants to kiss us.

"Now if you want to drive away sorrow,
Come and hear dis song to-morrow;
Den hoe it down, and scratch de grabble,
To Dixie land I'm bound to trabble.

CHORUS.

"I wish I was in Dixie land, hooray! hooray!
In Dixie land
We'll take our stand
To live and die in Dixie.
Away, away, away down Souf in Dixie,
Away, away, away down Souf in Dixie."

Anon.

Russian and Turk.

THERE was a Russian came over the sea,
Just when the war was growing hot;
And his name it was Tjalikavakaree—
Karindobrolikanahudarot—
Shibkadirova—
Ivarditztova
Sanilik
Danerik
Varagobhot.

A Turk was standing upon the shore—
Right where the terrible Russian crossed,
And he cried: "Bismillah! I'm Ab-El Kor—
Bazarou-Kilgonautosgobross—
Getfinpravadi—
Kligekoladji
Grivino
Blivido—
Jenikodosk!"

So they stood like brave men long and well,
And they called each other their proper names,
Till the lockjaw seized them, and where they fell
They buried them both by the Irdesholmmes
Kalatalustchuk
Mischtaribusiclup—
Bulgari—
Dulbary—
Sagharimsing. *Anon.*

'Späcially Jim.

I wus mighty good-look'n' when I wus young—
Peert an' black-eyed an' slim,
With fellers a-courtin' me Sunday nights,
'Späcially Jim.

The likeliest one of 'em all wus he,
Chipper an' han'som' an' trim;
But I toss'd up my head, an' made fun o' the crowd,
'Späcially Jim.

I said I hadn't no 'pinion o' men
An' I wouldn't take stock in *him!*
But they kep' up a-comin' in spite o' my talk,
'Späcially Jim.

I got *so* tired o' havin' 'em roun'
('Späcially Jim!),
I made up my mind I'd settle down
An' take up with him;

So we was married one Sunday in church,
'Twas crowded full to the brim,
'Twas the only way to get rid of 'em all,
'Späcially Jim.

Harper's Magazine.

The Piazza.

THE beauteous Ethel's father has a
Newly painted front piazza—
He has a
Piazza;
When with tobacco juice 'twas tainted
They had that front piazza painted—
It tainted
Piazza painted.

Algernon called that night, perchance
Arrayed in comely sealskin pants—
That night perchance
In gorgeous pants;
Engaging Ethel in a chat
On that piazza down he sat—
In chat
They sat.

And when an hour or two had pass'd
He tried to rise, but oh! stuck fast—
At last
Stuck fast!
Fair Ethel shrieked "It is the paint!"
And fainted in a deadly faint—
This saint
Did faint.

Algernon sits there till this day—
He cannot tear himself away—
Away?
Nay, nay!
His pants are firm, the paint is dry—
He's nothing else to do but die—
To die!
O my!

Anon.

NOTES.

NOTES.

ADAMS, CHARLES FOLLEN, was born in Dorchester, Mass., 21st April 1842. When twenty-two years old he enlisted in the 13th Massachusetts Infantry, took an active part in all the battles in which his regiment participated, was wounded at Gettysburg, and there taken prisoner. In 1872 he commenced writing German-American dialect poems, and four years later published in the *Detroit Free Press* his celebrated "Leedle Yawcob Strauss," which soon became immensely popular. He is a frequent contributor to American periodicals, and has published *Leedle Yawcob Strauss and other Poems* (1877), and *Dialect Ballads* (1888).

ADAMS, JOHN QUINCY, sixth President of the United States, was born in Braintree, Mass., July 11th, 1767, and died in Washington, D.C., February 23rd, 1848. His writings first brought him prominently before the public, and attracted the attention of President George Washington, who appointed him minister to Holland, and afterwards to Portugal. He held many positions of trust and honour, besides the greatest his country has to give. He translated Wieland's *Oberon* into English, and an account of his journey through Silesia was translated into many languages.

ANDERSON, Mrs. ARISTINE, was born in Pontiac, Michigan, on June 26th, 1855. She is a well-known writer of humorous short stories and poems, and her work is to be found in most of the humorous periodicals of America.

BARR, ROBERT, better known in America and the United Kingdom as "Luke Sharp," was born in Glasgow in 1851. When four years of age he was taken to Canada. In 1876 he joined the staff of the *Detroit Free Press*, and in 1881 came to England and successfully launched that weekly in London. His short stories and humorous sketches have been very successful, both in the columns of the paper and in book form. Among his published works are *Strange Happenings*, *Jones and I*, *From whose Bourn*, and *One Day's Courtship*.

BEERS, HENRY AUGUSTIN, was born in Buffalo, N.Y., on July 2nd, 1847. He is Professor of English at Yale College, and has published a number of books, including *Odds and Ends*, a collection of verse, *Life of N. P. Wills*, *A Century of American Literature*, *An Outline Sketch of English Literature*, and *The Thankless Muse*. From the last-named volume the two pieces given in this anthology are taken.

BELLAW, AMERICUS W., is a humorist who does his funny writing in a tombstone shop at Sidney, Ohio. He was born in Troy, Ohio, on March 17th, 1842, and for twenty years was a constant contributor to the *New York Saturday Journal*, and in the columns of that weekly wrote under the pen-names of "Washington Whitehorn" and "Joe Jot, Junr."

BEST, EVA, resides at Dayton, Ohio, and contributes many short stories and poems to the American press. She is also the author of some successful plays, and edits a department on the *Detroit Free Press*.

BROWN, JOHN THOMAS ("Hal Berte"), was born at Tendring, Essex, in 1863. He contributed a number of humorous poems to the *Arkansaw Traveller*, which were widely copied. In 1887 he published a book of verse entitled *Lyrical Levities*.

BUNNER, HENRY C., is editor of the humorous weekly, *Puck*. Mr. Bunner is a writer of graceful and polished verse, and one of the best short-story writers in America. He has

written at least one novel, *The Woman of Honor;* and his *Airs from Arcady*, a volume of short poems, should be read by every person interested in humour. A volume of short stories, entitled *Short Sixes*, has, this year, been published in England.

BURDETTE, ROBERT JONES, was born in Greensborough, Pa., 30th July 1844. Like C. F. Adams, he served as a private during the Civil War. In 1869 he became editor of the *Peoria Transcript*, and later started a new paper in the same town. But it was in the columns of the *Burlington Hawkeye* that he made his name known wherever American humour is appreciated. His contributions to that weekly were copied far and wide. Among his published works, *The Rise and Fall of the Moustache and other Hawkeyetems*, *Hawkeyes*, *Life of William Penn*, and *Innach Garden and other Comic Sketches*, are well known.

CARLETON, WILL, was born at Hudson, Michigan, on October 21st, 1845. His works are, *Farm Ballads* (1873), *Farm Legends* (1875), *Young Folks' Rhymes* (1876), *Farm Festivals* (1881), *City Ballads* (1885), *City Legends* (1889), all published by Harpers. He has taken the simple, everyday features of rural life, and treated them in a humorous way that is entirely his own. His verse is very popular among all classes in America, but particularly so among the class of people he portrays.

CHENEY, JOHN VANCE, was born in 1848. He is public librarian in San Francisco, and has published two volumes of fascinating poems, *Thistledrift* and *Wood Blooms*. Some of his work containing marked individuality may be found in Professor Roberts' volume, *Poems of Wild Life*, which forms one of the "Canterbury Series."

DODGE, H. C., resides in New York, and contributes verse almost every week to the *Detroit Free Press*. He is very ingenious in combining rhyme, sense, and shape to his verse, as the "Fisherman" poem in this volume will prove.

DOWE, Mrs. JENNIE E. T., was born in Wilbraham, Mass., and now resides in Worcester, Mass. She has contributed to the principal magazines and weeklies of America, but it is in the *Century Magazine* that her best work is found. Her "Songs of Ireland," published in that monthly, attracted wide attention. Many of her poems have been set to music.

DRUMMOND, Dr. W. H., was born in Ireland about the year 1858, and is now practising medicine in Montreal, Canada. He has mastered the peculiarities and humour of the French-Canadian vernacular, and in verse has a field of his own. He is a member of the Montreal Shakespeare Club.

FIELD, EUGENE, was born in St. Louis, September 2nd, 1850. Entering the profession of journalism, he worked on newspapers in St. Joseph, Kansas City, and Denver, before joining the staff of the *Chicago Daily News* as a satirical and humorous writer. His verse and prose is the cleverest literary matter Chicago produces. *Culture's Garland*, a book of satirical sketches and humorous verse, was published in Boston in 1887, and from it most of the verse of his that appears in this anthology is taken.

FINK, W. W., some years ago contributed verse to the *Century Magazine*.

FOSS, SAM WALTER, was born in New Hampshire in 1858, where during his youth he worked on a farm. From the farm he went to Brown University, and graduated—class poet—in 1882. He edited the *Lynn Union* from 1883 till 1887, when he accepted the editorial chair of the *Yankee Blade*, published in Boston, which position he still fills His poems are widely quoted, both in America and England.

GREENE, ALBERT GORTON, was born in Providence, R.I., on February 10th, 1802, and died in Cleveland, Ohio, on January 4th, 1868. He was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-one years, and for twenty-five years held the office of Clerk of the Municipal Court in Providence. He

was one of the founders of the Providence Athenæum, and was President of the Rhode Island Historical Society from 1854 till his death.

HARRIS, JOEL CHANDLER, was born at Eatonton, Ga., on December 8th, 1848. Like a great many of his literary contemporaries, he first studied and practised law, but gave up the legal profession for literature. He is editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*. His *Uncle Remus* plantation stories and poems have had enormous circulation.

HARTE, FRANCIS BRET, was born on August 25th, 1839, in Albany, New York State, and now resides in London. He journeyed to California when eighteen years of age, and as gold-digger, express messenger, printer, and editor, had practical experience of the West in its wildest phases. While editor of the *Overland Monthly*, he published his *Luck of Roaring Camp*, and other popular stories, and followed these by the equally successful *Plain Language by Truthful James*. The reputation these stories and poems established he has fully maintained. Messrs. Chatto & Windus publish his works in England.

HAY, Colonel JOHN, was born at Salem, Indiana, October 8th, 1838. He was one of President Lincoln's private secretaries during the war. His poems first appeared in *Harper's Magazine* and *Harper's Weekly*, and were afterwards collected and published under the title of *Pike Country Ballads*.

HENDERSON, WILLIAM JAMES, was born in Newark, N.J., December 4th, 1855. He is now connected with the editorial department of the *New York Times*. In 1889 Messrs. Longmans, Green, & Co. published a volume of his, entitled *Story of Music*.

HOLMES, Dr. OLIVER WENDELL, physician, novelist, essayist, and poet, was born in Cambridge, Mass., on August 29th, 1809. Early in life he began his literary work, and has

written consistently for now more than fifty years. *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, *The Professor at the Breakfast Table*, *The Poet at the Breakfast Table*, *Songs of Many Seasons*, and *Songs in Many Keys*, are well known. His works are quite as familiar to the Englishman as to the American.

HUNTLEY, STANLEY, made his name famous by writing the "Mr. and Mrs. Spoopendyke" articles. For some years previous to 1881 he was city editor of the *St. Louis Evening Journal*, but joining the staff of the *Brooklyn Eagle* in that year, he contributed "Spoopendyke" to its columns, making his own and the *Eagle's* name known the world over. He died a few years ago.

KELLY, ANDREW W. (Parmenas Mix), was born in New York, and died in Franklin, Ky., about 1880. Many of his humorous poems appeared between 1870 and 1880 in the *Century*, the *New York Sunday Mercury*, and the *Detroit Free Press*. He edited the *Franklin Patriot*, now the *Favourite*, and had the honour of "bringing out" Opie P. Read.

KIMBALL, MATHER DEAN, was born at Green Bay, Wisconsin, in 1849. He is engaged in editorial work on Wisconsin papers, and contributes to a number of the magazines.

LANIGAN, GEORGE THOMAS, was born at St. Charles River, Richelieu, Canada, on December 10th, 1845, and died in Philadelphia on February 5th, 1886. His first regular journalistic work was done in Montreal, where he established the *Free Lance*. Selling his interest in that publication, he left Canada for "the States," and held responsible positions on many papers, among others, the *Chicago Times*, the *St. Louis Democrat*, the *New York World*, the *Rochester Post Express*, and the *Philadelphia Record*. He was a brilliant and versatile journalist.

LELAND, CHARLES GODFREY, was born in Philadelphia, Pa., on August 15th, 1824. He commenced writing verse before he was fifteen years of age, and has written many volumes of verse, sketches of travel, legends, and folk-lore. In humorous literature he is best known as author of the *Hans Breitmann Ballads.*

LOGAN, JOHN E., resides in Montreal, Canada, and contributes to the literary papers of Canada generally under the pseudonym "Barry Dane." Some good work of his may be found in Mr. W. D. Lighthall's *Songs of the Great Dominion.*

LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL, poet and essayist, was born in Cambridge, Mass., on February 22nd, 1819. To the *Boston Courier* he contributed the famous "Biglow Papers" between the years 1846 and 1848. These satires are now recognised classics. Messrs. Macmillan have just published a complete and handsome edition of Mr. Lowell's works.

MILLER, CINCINNATUS HINER (JOAQUIN), was born in Wabash district, Ind., on November 10th, 1841. Like Bret Harte, he served an apprenticeship in the West as a gold-miner, express rider, and editor, and while judge in Grant County, Oregon, he began his literary career. His *Songs of the Sierras*, *Songs of Sunland*, *Songs of the Desert*, and *Songs of the Mexican Seas*, are well known. He is also the author of several successful plays, and has written a number of prose works. The poems which appear in this volume are taken from his latest book, *In Classic Shades.* He has prefaced them as follows:—"The gift of song is, to my mind, a solemn gift. The prophet and the seer should rise above the levities of this life. And so it is that I make humble apology for now gathering up from recitation books these last pages. The only excuse for doing it is their refusal to die, even under the mutilations of the compiler of Choice Selections."

MIX, PARMENAS, see KELLY.

MUNKITTRICK, RICHARD KENDALL, was born in Manchester, England, on March 5th, 1853. He is a constant contributor to the pages of *Harper's Magazine*, *Harper's Weekly*, and *Puck*, and is equally at home with humorous prose or poetry.

NEWELL, ROBERT HENRY, was born in New York City on December 13th, 1836. He was for a number of years connected with the *New York Mercury*, *New York World*, and *Hearth and Home*. Under the *nom de plume* of Orpheus C. Kerr, he published a series of humorous papers on the American Civil War. *The Palace Beautiful* (1865) and *Versatilities* (1871) are two of his best known volumes.

RILEY, JAMES WHITCOMB, was born in Indiana in 1854. For particulars of his work see Introduction.

ROCHE, JAMES JEFFREY, author of *Songs and Satires* (1887), does literary work in Boston, Mass. He was a close friend of John Boyle O'Reilly, poet and editor of the *Boston Pilot*, and at the death of Mr. O'Reilly, Mr. Roche was appointed editor.

RUSSELL, IRWIN, was born at Fort Gibson, Miss., 1853, and died in New Orleans, December 24th, 1879. Joel Chandler Harris says of him, "Irwin Russell was among the first—if not the very first—of southern writers to appreciate the literary possibilities of the negro character, and of the unique relations existing between the two races before the war." Russell did literary work in New Orleans and New York, but his life was sad and short. The Century Company published his poems in a neat volume after his death. His "Christmas Night in the Quarters" is a striking character study of the negro.

SAXE, JOHN GODFREY, was born in Highgate, Vt., June 2nd, 1816, and died in Albany, N.Y., March 31st, 1887. After holding the position of State Attorney for Chittenden, co. Vt.,

he purchased the *Burlington Sentinel*, which he edited until 1856. In 1859, and again in 1860, he was the unsuccessful Democratic nominee for Governor. He contributed much verse to *Harper's Magazine* and the *Atlantic Monthly*, and his humorous poems were received with great favour by the people of America and England.

SCOLLARD, CLINTON, was born in 1860. He has published in book form *Pictures in Song* (1884), *With Reed and Lyre* (1886), and *Old and New World Lyrics* (1888). He is a writer of refined, fanciful, and sparkling verse.

SHERMAN, FRANK DEMPSTER, was born on May 6th, 1860, at Peekskill, N.Y. His published works are *Madrigals and Catches* (1887), and *Lyrics for a Lute* (1890).

SILL, EDWARD ROWLAND, was born in Windsor, Conn., on April 29th, 1841, and died in Cleveland, Ohio, February 27th, 1887. His poems are published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., Boston.

SMITH, Rev. WILLIAM WYE, is a Canadian, and was born in 1827. His poems are very popular in Canada. Some of his work is given in Lighthall's *Songs of the Great Dominion*.

STEDMAN, EDMUND CLARENCE, was born in Hartford, Conn., October 8th, 1833. At Yale he distinguished himself as a verse-writer, his poem, "Westminster Abbey," taking the first prize. After leaving college he took to journalism, and acted as war correspondent for the *New York World* in 1861-3. When the war was over he bought a seat in the New York Stock Exchange, and is still to be found in Wall Street. His poetry is polished and effective, and his criticisms of the poets and poetry of England and America are probably the best that have been published. His *Victorian Poets* and *Poets of America* are standard works.

THOMPSON, MAURICE, was born in Fairfield, Ind., September 9th, 1844. He served through the Civil War in the Confederate Army, and at the close of hostilities opened a law

office in Crawfortsville, Indiana. Among other books, he has published *Songs of Fair Weather*, *By-ways and Bird Notes*, and *Sylvan Secrets*.

TROWBRIDGE, ROBERTSON.—His verse is usually to be found in "Bric-à-Brac" in the *Century*.

VANDEGRIFT, MARGARET.—A frequent contributor of bright and tasteful humour to the *Century*.

WEBB, CHARLES HENRY, was born in Clinton County, New York State, in 1834. *My Vacation*, *John Paul's Book*, and *Parodies and Poems*, are the titles of three out of his seven published works. Mr. Webb is also the inventor of some ingenious and successful adding and counting machines.

WILCOX, ELLA WHEELER, was born in Johnstown Centre, Wis., about 1845. Among her published works are *Drops of Water* (1872), *Maurine* (1875), *Shells* (1883), *Poems of Passion* (1883), and *Poems of Pleasure* (1888).

WILLIS, NATHANIEL PARKER, was born in Portland, Me., on January 20th, 1806, and died near Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, N.Y., on January 20th, 1867. During his course at college he wrote a number of religious poems that found many readers, and in 1828 he established the *American Monthly Magazine*, which after two years was merged into the *New York Mirror*. This weekly soon became the chief literary paper of America, and continued to hold that position while Mr. Willis contributed to its columns. About ten years after the first appearance of the *Mirror* Mr. Willis started the *New York Home Journal*, which is still a popular weekly.

WYOMING KIT came to Detroit, Mich., from the wildest part of the wild West to take a place on the *Detroit Free Press*. After a few weeks in civilisation, during which time he contributed much humorous work to the paper, he disappeared. His name is Adams.

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